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ANACREON.

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ANACREON: WITH THOMAS  
STANLEY'S TRANSLATION. EDITED  
BY A. H. BULLEN. ILLUSTRATED  
BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

229  
A. H. B. W.

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## INTRODUCTION.

HENRI ESTIENNE in 1554 published in Paris a small quarto (in the beautiful Greek type modelled on the handwriting of Angelus Vergetius of Candia, and cut by Claude Garamond), entitled 'Ανακρέοντος Τηϊου μέλη. *Anacreontis Teii odæ. Ab Henrico Stephano luce & Latinitate nunc primum donatæ. Lutetiæ. Apud Henricum Stephanum. MDLIIII. Ex Privilegio Regis.* In the Greek preface Estienne is jubilant over the recovery of the lost poet. He quotes with gusto the verse of Archilochus Χρημάτων ἄελπτον οὐδὲν ἐστὶν οὐδ' ἀπόμοτον. It was supposed that Anacreon had been irrevocably doomed; and now, breaking the adamantine fetters that had held him so long, ἀποσφάξας δὲ τοὺς μυριωποὺς φύλακας ὑφ' ὧν καθείργετο, he had emerged from captivity. Cold critics may sneer at Estienne's enthusiasm; but the publication of the *editio princeps* of the *Anacreontea* was not the least of the many services rendered to letters by the devoted

scholar-printer. Following the example of Ronsard, let us fill a bowl, and drink it up, to his memory :—

“ Je vay boire à Henry Estienne  
 Qui des enfers nous a rendu  
 Du vieil Anacréon perdu  
 La douce lyre teïenne.”

Ronsard had seen the poems in MS. before publication. In the 1553 edition of his *Amours*, p. 6, is a sonnet beginning “Ces liens d’or, cette bouche vermeille,” which was inspired by the Anacreontic  $\Sigma\upsilon\mu\epsilon\nu\ \phi\acute{\iota}\lambda\eta\ \chi\epsilon\lambda\iota\delta\acute{\omicron}\nu$ . Muretus, in his annotations to this sonnet, writes—“La fiction de ce Sonet, comme l’auteur mesme m’a dit, est prise d’une Ode d’Anacréon encore non imprimée.” Later, in the fifth book of his *Odes*, Ronsard gave a free rendering of the entire poem; and at various times he turned nearly a score of the *Anacreontea* into French verse. The influence exercised on the poets of the Pleiad school by Estienne’s discovery was indeed considerable. In 1555 Remi Belleau published a (nearly) complete translation, graceful and faithful. Olivier de Magny and Baif rendered various odes with more or less deftness. In France the *Anacreontea* still keep their popularity. One of the most delightful French poets

of our own time, Leconte de Lisle, has presented us (in *Poèmes Antiques*) with a group of charming Anacreontic translations.

The first English poet who sought inspiration from the *Anacreontea* was Robert Greene, who in *Orpharion* (1589) has an excellent rendering—"Cupid abroad was lated in the night"—of Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὤπαις. Appended to Spenser's *Amoretti* (1595) is a copy of verses, "Upon a day as Love lay sweetly slumb'ring," suggested by the Ode on Cupid stung by the Bee. Then came that mysterious poet "A. W.," whose contributions to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602) include a translation of the first three Odes.<sup>1</sup> In Bateson's *Second Book of Madrigals* (1618) the conceit of Cupid and the Bee is very pleasantly handled. Robert Herrick was saturated with the *Anacreontea*: of some Odes he has fairly literal translations, others he paraphrased, others supplied him with hints and suggestions. In 1651 Thomas Stanley published a (nearly) complete translation of the Odes; and this translation has been reprinted in the present volume. Stanley (born about 1625), a son of Sir Thomas Stanley of Leightonstone, Essex, and Cumberlow, Hertfordshire, Kt., was a refined scholar, and a man

<sup>1</sup> "A. W." 's translations of these three Odes were extant as early as 1596. See my edition of the *Rhapsody*.

of letters to the finger-tips. His early studies were directed by Thomas Fairfax, son of the translator of Tasso. At the age of thirteen, he became a gentleman commoner of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; he graduated at his own university, and was incorporated M.A. at Oxford; he went on his travels, and returned—in the midst of the strife of Civil War—to the seclusion of the Middle Temple,<sup>1</sup> where he passed his time in preparing an edition of Æschylus, which is yet esteemed for the multifarious learning displayed in the notes, in composing amatory verses which were set to music by John Gamble, in writing a History of Philosophy after the manner of Diogenes Laertius, and in translating the *Anacreontea*.<sup>2</sup> He died at his

<sup>1</sup> At an early age Stanley married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Sir James Enyon, of Flower, in Northamptonshire, Bart. The writer of the *Life* before the 1743 edition of the *History of Philosophy* remarks:—"This Alteration in his State and Condition of Life did not in the least change his Temper and Disposition, or abate his Affection to Learning, which was no less vigorous now than before. Neither the Cares nor Concerns for his Family, nor the Caresses and Endearments of a Young Wife could prevail with him to intermit his ordinary studies on which he was obstinately bent." Stanley left several volumes of MS. notes on the classics. The author of *A Short Account of Dr. Bentley's Humanity and Justice to those Authors who have written before him*, 1699, accuses Bentley of having used Stanley's notes on Callimachus without acknowledgment.

<sup>2</sup> Not only was Stanley a good classical scholar, but he had an excellent knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian poets.



lodgings in Suffolk Street, on 12th April, 1678. In the rendering of particular Odes Stanley has been excelled by "A. W." and Cowley; but, regarded as a whole, his translation is a very agreeable and very satisfactory piece of work.

Cowley's paraphrases are in his happiest vein. It cannot be said that his numbers had always a limpid flow; few poets indeed have been more crabbed and tortuous. But in these Anacreontics he sings with "full-throated ease"; dallying playfully with his subject, adding idle verse to idle verse, losing himself in a maze of delicious reverie. Very diffuse is the rendering ("Underneath this myrtle shade") of Ἐπὶ μυρσίναις τερείναις, but who would grow weary of crooning it over? In the Oxford *variorum* translation (1683) Cowley's renderings are conspicuously the best. Gladly would we exchange reams of his Pindarics for one such Anacreontic as "The Grasshopper"!

Rochester, in "The Cup," successfully reproduced the spirit of Τὸν ἄργυρον πορεύων (p. 42); Matthew Prior's "Cupid turned Stroller" is among the best of the many versions of Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις; and a word of qualified praise may be given to the attempts of Oldmixon and Ambrose Philips. In the eighteenth century the translations of John Addison, Thomas Fawkes, &c., were highly esteemed, but it must be

confessed that they are dull, uninspired, mechanical performances. Nor can I find much to admire in Thomas Moore's flashy renderings, which passed through so many editions in the early years of the present century and still enjoy a certain measure of popular favour. In 1800, when the first edition appeared, there was little poetry in the air, and Moore was very young. Had he taken the task in hand a few years later, he would have done more justice to the original and to himself; but he could never have rivalled Stanley's finished elegance. The introductory essay and the copious footnotes are the most attractive part of Moore's book. Byron's youthful essays in *Hours of Idleness* call for no comment. Since the days of Byron and Moore, our English poets—poets in a genuine sense, not mere versifiers—have left Anacreon severely alone.

Fluttering from end to end of Europe, the airy *Anacrontea* have learned the languages of Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Poland, Russia. Among the many poets who have translated the charming Ode to the Grasshopper the most famous was Goethe.

It must be frankly conceded that, in spite of the wide popularity they have won, the *Anacrontea* are not of the first order of poetry. The best pieces—

Love's Night Walk, Cupid and the Bee, The Grasshopper, &c.—are happily inspired and trip gracefully ; but many are of mediocre merit, and some (late compositions of frigid grammarians) are inept and futile. No sensible critic is likely to endorse credulous Joshua Barnes' judgment—that all antiquity has produced nothing finer than Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν Ἑρώτων (p. 12).

Scholars are, of course, agreed to-day that the *Anacreontea* are not the work of the genuine Anacreon. Even at the time of their original publication the general chorus of praise was disturbed by some dissentient voices. Robortello<sup>1</sup> in 1557 (*De Ratione Corrig.*) roundly asserted that the whole collection was a fraud. But his animus against Estienne carried him too far. Some of the poems are probably as late as the eight or the ninth century of the Christian era ; but there are no modern fabrications.

The manner in which Estienne issued the collection excited suspicion. To his edition of Dionysius Halicarnassensis Πρὸς Γναῖον Πομπηϊὸν ἐπιστολή, 1554, he prefixed a letter to Piero Vettori, wherein he

<sup>1</sup>“Primus quidem exstitit Robortellus, vir vere criticus, qui in libro de ratione corrig. p. 26 ed. Patav. 1557 ubi Stephani incuriam in manuscriptis tractandis vituperat, hæc omnia carmina nihil nisi insulos quosdam posterioris ævi lusus esse professus est.”—STARK, *Quæstiones Anacreonticæ* (1846).

made the following announcement of his forthcoming Anacreon:—"Hæc igitur, mi Victori, nunc accipe, dum me ad Anacreontis Tei editionem comparo: cujus tu quidem certe poesin una ex oda, vel potius ex odario uno, quod a me acceperas (ut ille olim ex ungue leonem) æstimasti: quantum vero ea in re judicio valueris tum demum facile intelliges quum corpus totum protulero. Proferam autem, ut spero, propediem: et jam protulissem nisi me vana spes tenuisset fore ut ad duo ejus exemplaria, quæ diversis in locis non sine immenso labore invenire mihi contigit, tertium accederet. Nam ex duobus his alterum in membranis, alterum in cortice arboris scriptum erat: illud confusum et alicubi non satis emendatum: hoc adeo antiquum ut in singulis verbis litera aliqua oculos fugeret, ut taceam adeo diversam fuisse elementorum formam a nostris ut prius an posset legi cogitandum fuerit quam an posset intelligi. Nec tamen interim sum passus in meis manibus ut sine luce ita sine fructu tanto tempore versari; ex uno enim Anacreonte tres feci: ut jam non Græcus tantum sed Latinus etiam et Gallicus proditurus sit hic poeta: idque eo feci ut etiam a linguæ Græcæ rudibus aliquam gratiam inirem." The MS. "in cortice arboris scriptum" is generally regarded as mythical. But the parchment MS., which Estienne

carefully concealed from the scholars of his age, now reposes in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. The strange eventful history of this MS. is carefully traced in the preface to Valentin Rose's edition of the *Anacreontea* (ed. 2, Lipsiæ, 1876). It was originally bound up with the famous *Anthologia Palatina*. The complete volume, which belongs to the eleventh century, contained 709 pages; the *Anthologia* extending over pp. 1-614, and the *Anacreontea*<sup>1</sup> (Ἀνακρέοντος Τηϊόν συμποσιακὰ ἡμιάμβια) filling pp. 675-690. This invaluable volume had been purchased about the middle of the sixteenth century by an Englishman travelling in Italy, John Clement,<sup>2</sup> a *protégé* of Sir Thomas More. Estienne appears to have had the loan of the MS. from Clement, who died in 1572. Subsequently the volume was bought for the Palatine library at Heidelberg, where it was examined in 1607 by the young Salmasius. At the capture of Heidelberg by the Archduke Maximilian of Bavaria in 1623, it was carried by Leo Allatius with other precious MSS.—all stripped of their bindings—to the Vatican, as a present to Pope Gregory XV. When the volume

<sup>1</sup> In 1781 the Abbé Spalletti printed a fac-simile of the MS. *Anacreontea*.

<sup>2</sup> An account of John Clement is given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.



was rebound it was divided into two parts,—the *Anthologia* (pp. 1-614) being bound as one volume, and pp. 615-709 forming another. The two volumes were among the treasures taken to Paris in 1797 by the French Directory. In 1816 the *Anthologia Palatina* was restored to Heidelberg; but the smaller volume (pp. 615-709), escaping observation, remained at Paris. A romantic history! Some of the choicest flowers of the Greek epigrammatists are preserved in pp. 1-614. When one considers what perilous risks they have run, *coit formidine sanguis*.

C. B. Stark, whose *Quæstiones Anacreonticæ* is the chief authority on everything that relates to Anacreon, quotes with approval the dictum of Hermann:—"Paucissima videntur Anacreontis esse, pleraque multo recentiorum, quædam etiam plane imperitorum hominum sunt." But it would be difficult to select from the *Anacreontea* a single poem that can be satisfactorily assigned to the true Anacreon. Bergk in dealing with the pseudo-Anacreon is needlessly severe; his tone is too impatient and contemptuous. But it is not surprising that the editor of the peerless lyrists of the great age of Greek poetry spurned the pretty delicacies of the *Anacreontea*. "De originibus

horum carminum," he writes, "accurate et docte disputavit C. B. Stark: neque tamen, quod ille existimat, germanum ullum Anacreontis carmen in his inest, sed recentioris originis sunt omnia, diversis illa quidem ætatibus composita et temporis decursu identidem immutata." Doubtless Bergk was absolutely right. For my own part I would go a step further, and would say that one or two pieces attributed by Bergk to the true Anacreon should be relegated to the *Anacreontea*.

To what approximate date the earliest poems in the *Anacreontea* should be ascribed no scholar has definitely determined. It is a difficult inquiry; but a few may possibly be assigned to the third century B.C.

The pseudo-Anacreontic poems were sometimes accepted as genuine by ancient critics who ought to have known better. Aulus Gellius (*Noct. Att.* xix. 9) quotes Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύων, with a somewhat different text. It is inferior to many pieces in the *Anacreontea*; but Gellius could not have been more enthusiastic about it if it had been one of the best poems of the true Anacreon. He introduces it thus. A young man, of culture and position, gives a banquet; and among the guests is a rhetorician Antonius Julianus, who is reputed to be well versed

in all polite literature. The host had a pretty taste for music, and after the banquet Julianus suggests that the players and singers should be brought in: whereupon "posteaquam introducti pueri puellæque sunt, jucundum in modum Ἀνακρεόντεια pleraque et Sapphica et poetarum quoque recentium idyllia quædam Ἑρωτικὰ dulcia et venusta cecinerunt." All the guests were charmed with the songs; but Gellius assures us that the verses which specially delighted them were the "versiculi lepidissimi Anacreontis senis" printed on p. 42. Some Greeks who were present triumphantly asked Julianus "quid de Anacreonte cæterisque id genus poetis sentiret?" What Latin poets had written so melodiously? "Nisi Catullus, inquit, forte pauca et Calvus itidem pauca." In reply the rhetorician bored the company with an encomium on some musty old Latin poets—Valerius Ædituus, Porcius Licinius, and Quintus Catulus.

How the hemiambics came to be the generally adopted metre for the *Anacreontea* is not clear. Lightly handled, for amatory and bacchanalian songs, the measure is attractive; but I cannot discover that it was a favourite with the true Anacreon. In the fourth and fifth centuries Gregory Nazianzen and Synesius employed it in their hymns.

Of the genuine Anacreon we possess only a few fragments, but they are enough to show how serious a loss we have suffered. The addresses to Artemis and to Dionysus (pp. 163-4) belong to the golden age of Greek lyrical poetry. Their clear utterance and faultless rhythm are far removed from the shallow elegance of the *Anacreontea*. The fragment quoted by Athenæus, ὦ παῖ παρθένιον βλέπων (p. 165), has the haunting charm of Sappho's songs. And what could be daintier than the warning to the wayward Thracian damsel, Πῶλε Θρηκίη τί δὴ με (which Horace imitated in "Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe")? Anacreon had also a turn for invective: his ridicule of Artemon, an effeminate upstart, is sufficiently bitter.

Anacreon was born in the sixth century B.C, at Teos, an Ionian city in Asia Minor. About 540, when Harpagus reduced Teos to slavery, he fled to Abdera, in Thrace. Polycrates invited him to Samos, and there he remained until the tyrant was murdered in 522. In Herodotus (iii. 121) there is a story of a herald who was sent by Oroëtes to Samos. He was ushered in to the royal presence, and found Polycrates engaged with Anacreon. Whether to show his contempt for Oroëtes, or out of carelessness, Polycrates lay with his face turned towards the wall while the herald was speaking, and when the speech

was over made no answer. Put case that it had been Lord Salisbury, Mr. Swinburne, and the Russian Ambassador! Maximus Tyrius would have us believe that the love-poems were a public benefit to Samos, in that they softened Polycrates' heart and induced him to treat his subjects with lenity. Plato (*Hipp.* 228 C.) is the authority for the statement that Hipparchus after the murder of Polycrates sent a fifty-oared galley to fetch the poet in state to Athens, where (as we learn from Pausanias i. 25) the citizens set up a statue in his honour at the Acropolis. According to Lucian (*De Macrob.* c. 26), he died at the age of eighty-five, the tradition being that he was choked by a grapestone. Simonides wrote two epitaphs upon him; and there are others by Antipater of Sidon,—one being the beautiful epigram *Θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος, 'Ανάκρεον, ἀμφί σε κισσός*, which was worthily rendered by Goethe.

The Alexandrine critics included Anacreon among the Nine Lyric Poets,—with Pindar, Bacchylides, Sappho, Simonides, Ibycus, Alcæus, Alcman, and Stesichorus. They divided his poems into five books. Among his commentators were Zenodotus of Ephesus, and Aristarchus; and we know from Athenæus (xii. 533) that Chamæleon of Pontus wrote a book about him.

How long the collection of genuine poems was



preserved in its integrity cannot be ascertained. Athenæus in the third century A.D. declared that Anacreon was in everybody's mouth, Πᾶσιν ἐστὶ διὰ στόματος (xii. 600). It is reasonable to suppose that he was not referring to spurious productions, for all the quotations scattered through the *Deipnosophistæ* are drawn from authentic sources. Maximus Tyrius seems to have been well acquainted with the genuine poems, through we need not pin our faith to his anecdotes about Anacreon. Gradually the facile *Anacreontea* superseded the older poems in popular favour. Scholars continued to cite the true Anacreon in illustration of some point of grammar or metre; and antiquaries consulted his pages for information on old manners and customs. Finally he shared the fate of Sappho; and now all that remains of the "boast of the Ionians" (Ἐὖχος Ἰώνων, as he was styled by Antipater of Sidon) is a slender scroll of blurred fragments. The student will find these fragments annotated in Bergk's *Græci Lyrici Poetæ*.<sup>1</sup> I have been content to present merely the Greek text, without notes or translation. Had I discovered any good translations of the longer fragments I would gladly have included them; but they are not to be had. Mr. Robert Bridges could, an he would,

<sup>1</sup> They may also be read in Mr. George S. Farnell's useful and valuable *Greek Lyric Poetry*, 1891.

give us faultless renderings of the hymns to Artemis and Dionysus, but the task is not to be entrusted to inferior hands.

The truth is that I issued this little book solely from selfish motives. I am well aware that the *Anacreontea* are of slight value; but the first piece of Greek verse that I learned as a youngster was *Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας*,<sup>1</sup> and I have never ceased to cherish—with a regard that I allow to be uncritical—these elegant trifles. They come to me laden with memories of Ronsard, “A. W.,” Herrick, Stanley, and Cowley. I wanted to read them once again, with the advantage of fair type and ample margin. So I sent them to press, indulging the hope that I might have time to annotate them amply. But I find that in these days a publisher has little leisure for research.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. J. R. Weguelin for his illustrations. He has shown that he is one of the very few artists who combine high technical excellence with pure classical refinement.

16, HENRIETTA STREET,  
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON,  
*December, 1892.*

<sup>1</sup> Henri Estienne arbitrarily, but tastefully, printed this piece as the first poem in his collection. I have mainly followed his arrangement of the poems; but in the List of First Lines the order adopted by Bergk (who follows the Palatine MS.).

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# ANACREON.

I.

ANACREONTEA.

## ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ.

ΕΙΣ ΚΙΘΑΡΑΝ.

I.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας,  
θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ᾄδειν·  
ἅ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς  
ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἤχεϊ.  
ἤμειψα νεῦρα πρῶην  
καὶ τὴν λύρην ἅπασαν,  
καὶ γὰρ μὲν ἦδον ἄθλους  
Ἡρακλέους· λύρη δὲ  
ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.  
χαίροιτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,  
ἥρωες· ἡ λύρη γὰρ  
μόνους ἔρωτας ᾄδει.



## ANACREON.

### *The Lute.*

#### I.

OF th' Atrides I would sing,  
Or the wand'ring Theban king ;  
But when I my lute did prove,  
Nothing it would sound but love ;  
I new strung it, and to play  
Herc'les' labours did essay ;  
But my pains I fruitless found ;  
Nothing it but love would sound :  
Heroes then farewell, my lute  
To all strains but love is mute.

## ΕΙΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑΣ.

## II.

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις,  
 ὀπλὰς δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,  
 ποδωκίην λαγωῖς,  
 λέουσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων,  
 τοῖς ἰχθύσιν τὸ νηκτόν,  
 τοῖς ὀρνέοις πέτασθαι,  
 τοῖς ἀνδράσιν φρόνημα.  
 γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἔτ' εἶχεν.  
 τί οὖν δίδωσι; κάλλος  
 ἀντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν,  
 ἀντ' ἐγχείων ἀπάντων.  
 νικᾷ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον  
 καὶ πῦρ καλή τις οὔσα.

*Beauty.*

## II.

HORNS to bulls wise Nature lends ;  
Horses she with hoofs defends ;  
Hares with nimble feet relieves ;  
Dreadful teeth to lions gives ;  
Fishes learns through streams to slide ;  
Birds through yielding air to glide ;  
Men with courage she supplies ;  
But to women these denies.  
What then gives she? Beauty, this  
Both their arms and armour is :  
She, that can this weapon use,  
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

## ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

## III.

Μεσουκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις,  
 στρέφεθ' ἡνίκ' Ἄρκτος ἤδη  
 κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βωώτου,  
 μερόπων δὲ φύλα πάντα  
 κέαται κόπῳ δαμέντα,  
 τότε Ἔρως ἐπισταθείς μεν  
 θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.  
 τίς, ἔφην, θύρας ἀράσσει;  
 κατὰ μεν σχίζεις ὀνείρους.  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρως, ἀνοιγε, φησὶν·  
 βρέφος εἰμί, μὴ φόβησαι·  
 βρέχομαι δὲ κασέληνον  
 κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.  
 ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας·







*Love's Night Walk.*

## III.

DOWNWARD was the wheeling Bear  
 Driven by the Waggoner :  
 Men by powerful sleep opprest,  
 Gave their busy troubles rest ;  
 Love, in this still depth of night,  
 Lately at my house did light ;  
 Where, perceiving all fast lock'd,  
 At the door he boldly knock'd.  
 "Who's that," said I, "that does keep  
 Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?"  
 "Ope," saith Love, "for pity hear ;  
 'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,  
 Wet and weary, from his way  
 Led by this dark night astray."  
 With compassion this I heard ;

ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἄψας  
 ἀνέωξα, καὶ βρέφος μὲν  
 ἐσορῶ φέροντα τόξον  
 πτέρυγας τε καὶ φαρέτρην.  
 παρὰ δ' ἰστίην καθῖσα,  
 παλάμαις τε χεῖρας αὐτοῦ  
 ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης  
 ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.  
 ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθῆκεν,  
 φέρε, φησί, πειράσωμεν  
 τόδε τόξον, εἴ τι μοι νῦν  
 βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νευρή.  
 τανύει δὲ καὶ με τύπτει  
 μέσον ἥπαρ, ὥσπερ οἷστρος·  
 ἀνὰ δ' ἄλλεται καχάζων,  
 ξένε, δ' εἶπε, συγχάρηθι·  
 κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν ἡμῖν,  
 σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.

Light I struck, the door unbarr'd ;  
Where a little boy appears,  
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears ;  
Near the fire I made him stand,  
With my own I chaf'd his hand,  
And with kindly busy care  
Wrung the chill drops from his hair.  
When well warm'd he was, and dry,  
“ Now,” saith he, “ ’tis time to try  
If my bow no hurt did get,  
For methinks the string is wet.”  
With that, drawing it, a dart  
He let fly that pierc'd my heart ;  
Leaping then, and laughing said,  
“ Come, my friend, with me be glad ;  
For my bow thou seest is sound,  
Since thy heart hath got a wound.”

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

IV.

Ἐπὶ μυρσίναῖς τερεΐναις,  
 ἐπὶ λωτίναις τε ποίαις  
 στορέσας θέλω προπίνειν·  
 ὃ δ' Ἴερος χιτῶνα δῆσας  
 ὑπὲρ αὐχένος παπύρῳ  
 μέθυ μοι διακονεῖτω.  
 τροχὸς ἄρματος γὰρ οἶα  
 βίοτος τρέχει κυλισθείς·  
 ὀλίγη δὲ κεισόμεσθα  
 κόνις ὀστέων λυθέντων.  
 τί σε δεῖ λίθον μυρίζειν;  
 τί δὲ γῆ· χέειν μάταια;  
 ἐμὲ μᾶλλον, ὥς ἔτι ζῶ,  
 μύρισον, ῥόδοις δὲ κρᾶτα  
 πύκασον, κάλει δ' ἑταίρην.  
 πρὶν, Ἴερος, ἐκεῖ μ' ἀπελθεῖν  
 ὑπὸ νερτέρων χορείας,  
 σκεδάσαι θέλω μερίμνας.



[*On Himself.*]

## IV.

ON this verdant lotus laid,  
Underneath the myrtle's shade,  
Let us drink our sorrows dead,  
Whilst Love plays the Ganimed.  
Life like to a wheel runs round,  
And ere long, we underground  
(Ta'en by death asunder) must  
Moulder in forgotten dust.  
Why then graves should we bedew?  
Why the ground with odours strew?  
Better whilst alive, prepare  
Flowers and unguents for our hair.  
Come, my fair one! come away;  
All our cares behind us lay,  
That these pleasures we may know,  
Ere we come to those below.

## ΕΙΣ ΡΟΔΟΝ.

## V.

Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῶν Ἑρώτων  
 μίξωμεν Διονύσῳ·  
 τὸ ῥόδον τὸ καλλίφυλλον  
 κροτάφοισιν ἀρμόσαντες,  
 πίνωμεν ἀβρὰ γελῶντες.  
 ῥόδον, ᾧ φέριστον ἄνθος,  
 ῥόδον εἶαρος μέλημα,  
 [ῥόδα καὶ θεοῖσι τερπνά·]  
 ῥόδον ᾧ παῖς ὁ Κυθήρης  
 στέφεται καλοὺς ἰούλους  
 Χαρίτεσσι συγχορεύων.  
 στέψον οὖν με, καὶ λυρίζων  
 παρὰ σοῖς, Διόνυσε, σηκοῖς,  
 μετὰ κούρης βαθυκόλπου  
 ῥοδίνοισι στεφανίσκοις  
 πεπυκασμένος χορεύσω.





*Roses.*

## V.

ROSES (Love's delight) let's join  
To the red-cheek'd God of Wine ;  
Roses crown us, while we laugh,  
And the juice of Autumn quaff !  
Roses of all flowers the king,  
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,  
Joy of every deity.  
Love, when with the Graces he  
For the ball himself disposes,  
Crowns his golden hair with roses.  
Circling then with these our brow,  
We'll to Bacchus' temple go :  
There some willing beauty lead,  
And a youthful measure tread.

## ΕΡΩΤΙΚΟΝ.

## VI.

Στεφάνους μὲν κροτάφοισιν  
 ῥοδίνους συναρμόσαντες,  
 μεθύωμεν ἄβρὰ γελῶντες.  
 ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ δὲ κούρα  
 κατακίσσοισι βρέμοντας  
 πλοκάμοις φέρουσα θύρσους  
 χλιδανόσφυρος χορεύει.  
 ἄβροχαίτας δ' ἄμα κοῦρος  
 στομάτων ἀδὺ πνεόντων  
 προχέων λίγειαν ὁμφήν  
 κατὰ πηκτίδων ἀθύρει.  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοχαίτας  
 μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου  
 [καὶ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης]  
 τὸν ἐπήρατον γεραιοῖς  
 κῶμον μέτεισι χαίρων.



*Another.*

## VI.

Now with roses we are crown'd,  
Let our mirth and cups go round,  
Whilst a lass, whose hand a spear  
Branch'd with ivy twines doth bear,  
With her white feet beats the ground  
To the lute's harmonious sound,  
Play'd on by some boy, whose choice  
Skill is heighten'd by his voice ;  
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine  
Mother, and the God of Wine,  
Will flock hither, glad to see  
Old men of their company.

ΑΛΛΟ ΕΡΩΤΙΚΟΝ.

VII.

Ὑακινθίνῃ με ῥάβδῳ  
 χαλεπῶς Ἔρωσ ῥαπίζων  
 ἐκέλευε συντροχάζειν.  
 διὰ δ' ὀξέων μ' ἀναύρων  
 ξυλόχων τε καὶ φαράγγων  
 τροχάοντα τείρεν ἰδρώς·  
 κραδίῃ δὲ ῥινὸς ἄχρισ  
 ἀνέβαινε, καὶν ἀπέσβην.  
 ὁ δ' Ἔρωσ μέτωπα σείων  
 ἀπαλοῖς πτεροῖσιν εἶπεν·  
 σὺ γὰρ οὐ δύνη φιληῆσαι.

*The Chase.*

## VII.

WITH a whip of lilies, Love  
 Swiftly me before him drove ;  
 On we cours'd it, through deep floods,  
 Hollow valleys, and rough woods,  
 Till a snake\* that lurking lay,  
 Chanc'd to sting me by the way :  
 Now my soul was nigh to death,  
 Ebbing, flowing with my breath ;  
 When Love, fanning with his wings,  
 Back my fleeting spirit brings ;  
 "Learn," saith he, "another day  
 Love without constraint t' obey."

\* Stanley read *πεῖρεν ὕδρος*.

ONAP.

VIII.

Διὰ νυκτὸς ἐγκαθεύδων  
 ἀλιπορφύροις τάπησιν,  
 γεγανωμένος Λυαίῳ  
 ἐδόκουν ἄκροισι ταρσῶν  
 δρόμον ὥκυν ἐκτανύειν  
 μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρων.  
 ἐπεκερτόμουν δὲ παῖδες  
 ἀπαλώτεροι Λυαίου,  
 δακέθυμά μοι λέγοντες  
 διὰ τὰς καλὰς ἐκείνας.  
 ἐθέλοντά δὲ φιλῆσαι  
 φύγον ἐξ ὕπνου με πάντες·  
 μεμονωμένος δ' ὁ τλήμων  
 πάλιν ἤθελον καθεύδειν.

*The Dream.*

## VIII.

As on purple carpets I  
Charm'd by wine in slumber lie,  
With a troop of maids (resorted  
There to play) methought I sported ;  
Whose companions, lovely boys,  
Interrupt me with rude noise ;  
Yet I offer made to kiss them,  
But o' th' sudden wake and miss them.  
Vext to see them thus forsake me,  
I to sleep again betake me.

## ΕΙΣ ΠΕΡΙΣΤΕΡΑΝ.

## ΙΧ.

Ἑρασμὶή πέλεια,  
 πόθεν πόθεν πέτασσαι;  
 πόθεν μύρων τοσούτων  
 ἐπ' ἡέρος θέουσα  
 πνέεις τε καὶ ψεκάζεις;  
 τίς εἶ; τί σοι μέλει δέ;  
 Ἀνακρέων μ' ἔπεμψεν  
 πρὸς παῖδα, πρὸς Βάθυλλον,  
 τὸν ἄρτι τῶν ἀπάντων  
 κρατοῦντα καὶ τύραννον.  
 πέπρακέ μ' ἡ Κυθήρη  
 λαβοῦσα μικρὸν ὕμνον.



*The Dove.*

## IX.

WHITHER flies my pretty dove?  
Whither, nimble scout of Love?  
From whose wings perfumes distil,  
And the air with sweetness fill.  
“Is’t to thee which way I’m bent?  
By Anacreon I am sent  
To Rhodantha, she who all  
Hearts commands, Love’s general.  
I to Venus did belong,  
But she sold me for a song  
To her poet ; his I am,

ἐγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι  
 διακονῶ τοσαῦτα·  
 καὶ νῦν, ὁρᾷς, ἐκείνου  
 ἐπιστολὰς κομίζω.  
 καὶ φησιν εὐθέως με  
 ἐλευθέρην ποιήσειν.  
 ἐγὼ δέ, κῆν ἀφῆ με,  
 δούλη μενῶ παρ' αὐτῷ·  
 τί γάρ με δεῖ πέτασθαι  
 ὄρη τε καὶ κατ' ἀγρούς,  
 καὶ δένδρεσιν καθίζειν  
 φαγοῦσάν ἄγριόν τι;  
 τανῦν ἔδω μὲν ἄρτον  
 ἀφαρπάσασα χειρῶν  
 Ἀνακρέοντος αὐτοῦ·

And from him this letter came,  
For which he hath promis'd me  
That ere long he'll set me free.  
But though freedom I should gain,  
I with him would still remain ;  
For what profit were the change,  
Fields from tree to tree to range,  
And on hips and haws to feed,  
When I may at home pick bread  
From his hand, and freely sup

πιεῖν δέ μοι δίδωσιν  
 τὸν οἶνον, ὃν προπίνει·  
 πιῶσα δ' ἀγχορείω,  
 καὶ δεσπότην κρέκοντα  
 πτεροῖσι συσκιάζω.  
 κοιμωμένη δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 τῷ βαρβίτῳ καθεύδω.  
 ἔχεις ἅπαντ'· ἀπελθε·  
 λαλιστέραν μ' ἔθηκας,  
 ἄνθρωπε, καὶ κορώνης.

Purest wine from his own cup?  
Hovering then with wings display'd,  
I my master overshade ;  
And if night invite to rest,  
In his harp I make my nest.

Now thou dost my errand know,  
Friend, without more questions go ;  
For thy curiosity  
Makes me to outchat a pie."

## ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ ΚΗΡΙΝΟΝ.

## X.

Ἔρωτα κήρινόν τις  
 νεηνίης ἐπώλει·  
 ἐγὼ δέ οἱ παραστάς,  
 πόσου θέλεις, ἔφην, σοι  
 τὸ τυχθὲν ἐκπρίωμαι;  
 ὃ δ' εἶπε δωριάζων,  
 λάβ' αὐτὸν ὀππόσου λῆς·  
 ὅπως δ' ἂν ἐκμάθῃς πᾶν,  
 οὐκ εἰμὶ κηροτέχνης·  
 ἀλλ' οὐ θέλω συνοικεῖν  
 Ἔρωτι παντορέκτα.  
 δὸς οὔν, δὸς αὐτὸν ἡμῖν  
 δραχμῆς, καλὸν σύνευνον.  
 Ἔρως, σὺ δ' εὐθέως με  
 πύρωσον· εἰ δὲ μή, σὺ  
 κατὰ φλογὸς τακήσῃ.



*Love in Wax.*

## X.

As Love's image, to be sold,  
Wrought in wax I did behold,  
To the man I went ; "What is,  
Friend," said I, "the price of this?"  
"Give me what you please," he said ;  
"This belongs not to my trade,  
And so dangerous a guest,  
In my house I'm loth should rest."  
"Give m' him for this piece," said I,  
"And the boy with me shall lie."  
But, Love, see thou now melt me,  
Or I'll do as much for thee.

## ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

## XI.

Θέλω θέλω φιλη̃σαι.  
 ἔπειθ' Ἔρως φιλεῖν με,  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων νόημα  
 ἄβουλον οὐκ ἐπείσθην.  
 ὁ δ' εὐθὺ τόξον ἄρας  
 καὶ χρυσέην φαρέτρην  
 μάχη με προῦκαλεῖτο.  
 καὶ γὰρ λαβὼν ἐπ' ὤμων  
 θώρηχ', ὅπως Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 καὶ δοῦρα καὶ βοείην  
 ἐμαρνάμην Ἔρωτι.  
 ἔβαλλ', ἐγὼ δ' ἔφευγον·  
 ὡς δ' οὐκ ἔτ' εἶχ' οἷστούς,  
 ἤσχαλλεν· εἴθ' ἑαυτὸν  
 ἀφῆκεν εἰς βέλεμνον,

*The Combat.*

## XI.

Now will I a lover be ;  
Love himself commanded me.  
Full at first of stubborn pride,  
To submit my soul denied ;  
He his quiver takes and bow,  
Bids defiance, forth I go,  
Arm'd with spear and shield, we meet ;  
On he charges, I retreat :  
Till perceiving in the fight  
He had wasted every flight,  
Into me, with fury hot,  
Like a dart himself he shot,

μέσος δὲ καρδίας μευ  
 ἔδυνε, καί μ' ἔλυσεν.  
 μάτην δ' ἔχω βοείην·  
 τί γάρ βάλω μιν ἔξω,  
 μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχούσης;

## ΕΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

## XII.

Τί σοι θέλεις ποιήσω,  
 τί σοι, λάλη χελιδών;  
 τὰ ταρσά σευ τὰ κοῦφα  
 θέλεις λαβὼν ψαλίξω;  
 ἢ μᾶλλον ἔνδοθέν σευ  
 τήν γλῶσσαν, ὡς ὁ Τηρεὺς  
 ἐκεῖνος, ἐκθερίξω;  
 τί μευ καλῶν ὀνείρων  
 ὑπορθρίαισι φωναῖς  
 ἀφήρπασας Βάθυλλον;

And my cold heart melts ; my shield  
Useless, no defence could yield ;  
For what boots an outward screen  
When, alas, the fight's within !

*The Swallow.*

XII.

CHATTERING swallow ! what shall we,  
Shall we do to punish thee ?  
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut  
Tereus-like thy shrill tongue out ?  
Who Rhodantha driv'st away  
From my dreams by break of day.

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

## XIII.

Οἱ μὲν καλὴν Κυβήβην  
 τὸν ἡμίθελον Ἴαττιν  
 ἐν οὖρεσιν βοῶντα  
 λέγουσιν ἐκμανῆναι.  
 οἱ δὲ Κλάρου παρ' ὄχθαις  
 δαφνηφόροιο Φοίβου  
 λάλον πίνοντες ὕδωρ  
 μεμνηνότες βοῶσιν.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦ Λυαίου  
 καὶ τοῦ μύρου κορεσθεὶς  
 καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ἐταίρης  
 θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.



[*Wine and Love.*]

XIII.

ARTIS through deserted groves,  
Cybele invoking roves ;  
And like madness them befell  
Who were drunk at Phœbus' well ;  
But I willingly will prove  
Both these furies, Wine and Love.

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

XIV.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες ·  
 Ἀνακρέων, γέρων εἶ,  
 λαβὼν ἔσοπτρον ἄθρει  
 κόμας μὲν οὐκ ἔτ' οὔσας,  
 ψιλὸν δέ σευ μέτωπον.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ τὰς κόμας μέν,  
 εἴτ' εἰσίν, εἴτ' ἀπῆλθον,  
 οὐκ οἶδα · τοῦτο δ' οἶδα,  
 ὥς τῷ γέροντι μᾶλλον  
 πρέπει τὸ τερπνὰ παίζειν  
 ὅσῳ πέλας τὰ Μοίρης.

*The Old Lover.*

## XIV.

By the women I am told  
“’Las ! Anacreon thou grow’st old,  
Take thy glass and look else, there  
Thou wilt see thy temples bare.”  
Whether I be bald or no,  
That I know not, this I know,—  
Pleasures, as less time to try  
Old men have, they more should ply.

## ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΦΘΟΝΩΣ ΖΗΝ.

## XV.

Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγεω,  
 τοῦ Σαρδίῳ ἀνακτος ·  
 οὐδ' εἶλέ πώ με ζῆλος,  
 οὐδὲ φθονῶ τυράννοις.  
 ἔμοι μέλει μύροισιν  
 καταβρέχειν ὑπήνην ·  
 ἔμοι μέλει ῥόδοισιν  
 καταστέφειν κάρηνα.  
 τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι,  
 τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν;  
 ὥς οὖν ἔτ' εὐδία 'στιν,  
 καὶ πῖνε καὶ κύβευε,  
 καὶ σπένδε τῷ Λυαίῳ,  
 μὴ νοῦσος, ἣν τις ἔλθῃ,  
 λέγῃ σε μὴ "τι πίνειν.

[*Content.*]

XV.

I NOT care for Gyges' sway,  
Or the Lydian sceptre weigh ;  
Nor am covetous of gold,  
Nor with envy kings behold ;  
All my care is to prepare  
Fragrant unguents for my hair ;  
All my care is where to get  
Roses for a coronet ;  
All my care is for to-day ;  
What's to-morrow who can say ?  
Come then, let us drink and dice,  
And to Bacchus sacrifice,  
Ere death come and take us off,  
Crying, Hold ! th' hast drunk enough.

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

XVI.

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης,  
 ὁ δ' αὖ Φρυγῶν αὐτάς·  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰς ἀλώσεις.  
 οὐχ ἵππος ὤλεσέν με,  
 οὐ πεζός, οὐχὶ νῆες·  
 στρατὸς δὲ καινὸς ἄλλος  
 ἀπ' ὀμμάτων με βάλλων.

*The Captive.*

## XVI.

THOU of Thebes, of Troy sings he ;  
I my own captivity:  
'Twas no army, horse, or foot,  
Nor a navy brought me to't,  
But a stranger enemy  
Shot me from my mistress' eye.



## ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΗΝ.

## XVII.

Ἡ Ταυτάλου ποτ' ἔστη  
 λίθος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις,  
 καὶ παῖς ποτ' ὄρνις ἔπτη  
 Πανδίωνος χελιδών.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔσοπτρον εἶην,  
 ὅπως αἰὲ βλέπης με·  
 ἐγὼ χιτῶν γενοίμην,  
 ὅπως αἰὲ φορῆς με.  
 ὕδωρ θέλω γενέσθαι,  
 ὅπως σε χρῶτα λούσω·  
 μύρον, γύναι, γενοίμην,  
 ὅπως ἐγὼ σ' ἀλείψω.  
 καὶ ταινίῃ δὲ μαστῶν,  
 καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ,  
 καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην·  
 μόνον ποσὶν πάτει με.





*The Wish.*

## XVII.

NIOBE on Phrygian sands  
Turn'd a weeping statue stands,  
And the Pandionian Maid  
In a swallow's wings array'd ;  
But a mirror I would be,  
To be look'd on still by thee ;  
Or the gown wherein thou'rt drest,  
That I might thy limbs invest ;  
Or a crystal spring, wherein  
Thou might'st bathe thy purer skin ;  
Or sweet unguents, to anoint  
And make supple every joint ;  
Or a knot, thy breast to deck ;  
Or a chain, to clasp thy neck ;  
Or thy shoe I wish to be,  
That thou might'st but tread on me.

## ΕΙΣ ΠΟΤΗΡΙΟΝ ΑΡΓΥΡΟΥΝ.

## XVIII.

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύων  
 Ἕφαιστέ μοι ποιήσον  
 πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί  
 τί γὰρ μάχαισι κἄμοί;  
 ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον,  
 ὅσον δύνῃ, βαθύνας.  
 ποίει δέ μοι κατ' αὐτοῦ  
 μήτ' ἄστρα μήθ' ἄμαξαν,  
 μὴ στυγνὸν Ὠρίωνα·  
 τί Πλειάδων μέλει μοι;  
 τί γὰρ καλοῦ Βοώτου;  
 ποιήσον ἀμπέλους μοι,  
 καὶ βότρυας κατ' αὐτῶν,  
 καὶ Μαινάδας τρυγώσας,

*The Cup.*

## XVIII.

VULCAN come, thy hammer take,  
And of burnish'd silver make  
(Not a glittering armour, for  
What have we to do with war?  
But) a large deep bowl, and on it  
I would have thee carve (no planet:  
Pleiads, Wains, or Waggoners,  
What have we to do with stars?

ποίει δὲ ληνὸν οἴνου  
 ληνοβάτας πατοῦντας,  
 τοὺς Σατύρους γελῶντας,  
 καὶ χρυσοῦς τοὺς Ἔρωτας,  
 καὶ Κυθήρην γελῶσαν,  
 ὁμοῦ καλῶ Λυαίῳ  
 Ἔρωτα κ' Ἀφροδίτην.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΥΤΟ.

XIX.

Καλλιτέχνα τόρευσον  
 ἔαρος κύπέλλον ἡμῖν·  
 τὰ πρῶτ' ἤδη τὰ τερπνὰ  
 ῥόδα φέρουσιν ὦραι·  
 ἀργύρεον δ' ἀπλώσας  
 ποίει πότον μοι τερπνόν·



But to life exactly shape)  
Clusters of the juicy grape ;  
Whilst brisk Love their bleeding heads  
Hand in hand with Bacchus treads.

*Another.*

XIX.

ALL thy skill if thou collect,  
Make a cup as I direct :  
Roses climbing o'er the brim,  
Yet must seem in wine to swim ;

μὴ τελετῶν, παραινῶ,  
 μὴ ξένον μοι τορεύσης,  
 μὴ φευκτὸν ἱστόρημα·  
 μάλλον ποίει Διὸς γόνον  
 Βάκχον Εὐϊὸν ἡμῖν·  
 μύστις νάματος ἢ Κύπρις  
 ὕμεναίους κροτοῦσα.  
 χάρασσ' Ἑρωτας ἀνόπλους  
 καὶ Χάριτας γελώσας  
 ὑπ' ἄμπελον εὐπέταλον,  
 εὐβότρυον, κομῶσαν·  
 σύναπτε κούρους εὐπρεπεῖς·  
 ἅμα δὴ Φοῖβος ἀθύροι.

Faces too there should be there,  
None that frowns or wrinkles wear ;  
But the sprightly Son of Jove,  
With the beauteous Queen of Love ;  
There, beneath a pleasant shade,  
By a vine's wide branches made,  
Must the Loves, their arms laid by,  
Keep the Graces company ;  
And the bright-hair'd god of day  
With a youthful bevy play.

## ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΔΕΙΝ ΠΙΝΕΙΝ.

## XX.

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,  
 πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αὖ γῆν.  
 πίνει θάλασσ' ἀναύρους,  
 ὃ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν,  
 τὸν δ' ἥλιον σελήνη.  
 τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἑταῖροι,  
 καὐτῷ θέλοντι πίνειν;

[*The Need of Drinking.*]

## XX.

FRUITFUL earth drinks up the rain ;  
 Trees from earth drink that again ;  
 The sea drinks the air,\* the sun  
 Drinks the sea, and him the moon.  
 Is it reason then, d'ye think,  
 I should thirst when all else drink?

\* Stanley read *πίνει θάλασσα δ' αὔρας.*

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

XXI.

Δότε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες,  
 Βρομίου πιεῖν ἀμυστί·  
 ὑπὸ καύματος γὰρ ἤδη  
 προδοθεὶς ἀναστενάζω.  
 δότε δ' ἀνθέων ἐκείνου  
 στεφάνους οἷσις πυκάζω  
 τὰ μέτωπα μὴ ἵπικαίειν  
 τόδε καῦμα· τῶν δ' Ἑρώτων  
 κραδίην, τίνι σκεπάζω;

[*On Himself.*]

## XXI.

REACH me here that full crown'd cup,  
And at once I'll drink it up ;  
For my overcharged breast  
Pants for drouth, with care opprest ;  
Whilst a chaplet of cool roses  
My distemper'd brow incloses ;  
Love I'll drench in wine ; for these  
Flames alone can his appease.



## ΕΙΣ ΒΑΘΥΛΛΟΝ.

## XXII.

Παρὰ τὴν σκιὴν, Βάθυλλε,  
 κάθισον· καλὸν τὸ δένδρον·  
 ἀπαλὰς δ' ἔσεισε χαίτας  
 μαλακωτάτων κλαδίσκων.  
 παρὰ δ' αὐτὸ ψιθυρίζει  
 πηγὴ ῥέουσα πειθοῦς·  
 τίς ἂν οὔν ὄρων παρέλθοι  
 καταγώγιον τοιοῦτο;





*The Invitation.*

## XXII.

COME, my fair, the heat t' evade,  
Let us sit beneath this shade ;  
See, the tree doth bow his head,  
And his arms t' invite thee spread ;  
Hark, the kind persuasive spring  
Murmurs at thy tarrying :  
Who molested by the sun  
Would so sweet a refuge shun ?

## ΕΙΣ ΦΙΛΑΡΓΥΡΟΝ.

## XXIII.

Ὁ πλοῦτος εἴ γε χρυσοῦ  
 τὸ ζῆν παρεῖχε θνητοῖς,  
 ἐκαρτέρου φυλάττων,  
 ἴν', αὖ θανεῖν ἐπέλθῃ,  
 λάβῃ τι καὶ παρέλθῃ.  
 εἰ δ' οὖν τὸ μὴ πρίασθαι  
 τὸ ζῆν ἔνεστι θνητοῖς,  
 τί χρυσὸς ὠφελεῖ με;  
 θανεῖν γὰρ εἴ πέπρωται,  
 τί καὶ μάτην στενάζω;  
 τί καὶ γόους προπέμπω;  
 ἐμοὶ γένοιτο πίνειν,  
 πiónτι δ' οἶνον ἡδὺν  
 ἐμοῖς φίλοις συνεῖναι,  
 ἐν δ' ἀπαλαῖσι κοίταις  
 τελεῖν τὰν Ἀφροδίταν.

[*Gold.*]

XXIII.

IF I thought that gold had power  
To prolong my life one hour,  
I should lay it up, to fee  
Death, when come to summon me ;  
But if life cannot be bought,  
Why complain I then for nought ?  
Death not brib'd at any price,  
To what end is avarice ?  
Fill me then some wine ; but see  
That it brisk and racy be,  
Such as may cold bloods inflame,  
For by Bacchus arm'd we'll aim  
At Cythera's highest pleasure :  
Wine and love's the only treasure.

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

XXIV.

Ἐπειδὴ βροτὸς ἐτύχθην  
 βίότου τρίβον ὁδεύειν,  
 χρόνον ἔγνων, ὃν παρῆλθον·  
 ὃν δ' ἔχω δραμεῖν, οὐκ οἶδα.  
 μέθετέ με φροντίδες·  
 μηδέν μοι καὶ ὑμῖν ἔστω.  
 πρὶν ἐμὲ φθάσῃ τὸ τέλος,  
 παίξω, γέλάσω, χορεύσω  
 μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.



[*On Himself.*]

XXIV.

I AM sprung of human seed,  
For a life's short race decreed ;  
Though I know the way I've gone,  
That which is to come's unknown.  
Busy thoughts do not disturb me ;  
What have you to do to curb me ?  
Come, some wine and music give :  
Ere we die, 'tis fit we live.

ΕΙΣ EAYTON.

XXV.

Ὅταν πῖω τὸν οἶνον,  
 εὕδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.  
 τί μοι γόων, τί μοι πόνων,  
 τί μοι μέλει μεριμνῶν;  
 θανεῖν με δεῖ, καὶ μὴ θέλω.  
 τί τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι;  
 πῖωμεν οὖν τὸν οἶνον,  
 τὸν τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.  
 σὺν τῷ δὲ πίνειν ἡμᾶς  
 εὕδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.

[*On Himself.*]

## XXV.

WHEN with wine my soul is arm'd,  
All my grief and tears are charm'd ;  
Life in toils why should we waste,  
When we're sure to die at last ?  
Drink we then, nor Bacchus spare :  
Wine's the antidote of Care.

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

XXVI.

Ὄταν ὁ Βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ,  
 εὐδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι·  
 δοκῶ δ' ἔχειν τὰ Κροίσου.  
 θέλω καλῶς αἰεῖδεν,  
 κισσοστεφῆς δὲ κεῖμαι,  
 πατῶ δ' ἅπαντα θυμῶ.  
 ὄπλιζ' ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω.  
 φέρε μοι κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ·  
 μεθύοντα γάρ με κεῖσθαι  
 πολὺ κρεῖσσον ἢ θανόντα.

[*On Himself.*]

XXVI.

WHEN my sense in wine I steep,  
All my cares are lull'd asleep :  
Rich in thought, I then despise  
Croesus, and his royalties ;  
Whilst with ivy twines I wreathe me  
And sing all the world beneath me.  
Others run to martial fights,  
I to Bacchus's delights ;  
Fill the cup then, boy, for I  
Drunk than dead had rather lie.

## ΕΙΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΝ.

## XXVII.

Τοῦ Διὸς ὁ παῖς ὁ Βάκχος,  
 ὁ λυσίφρων ὁ Λυαῖος,  
 ὅταν εἰς φρένας τὰς ἐμὰς  
 εἰσέλθῃ μεθυδῶτας,  
 διδάσκει με χορεύειν.  
 ἔχω δέ τι καὶ τερπνὸν  
 ὁ τᾶς μέθας ἐραστάς·  
 μετὰ κρότων, μετ' ὠδᾶς  
 τέρπει με κ' Ἀφροδίτα,  
 καὶ πάλιν θέλω χορεύειν.

[*To Dionysus.*]

XXVII.

JOVE-born Bacchus, when possesst  
(Care-exiling) of my breast,  
In a sprightly saraband  
Guides my foot and ready hand,  
Which an even measure sets  
'Twixt my voice and castanets ;  
Tir'd we sit and kiss, and then  
To our dancing fall again.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΗΝ.

XXVIII.

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε,  
 Ῥοδῆς κοίρανε τέχνης,  
 γράφε τὴν ἐμὴν ἐταίρην  
 ἀπεῴσαν, ὥς ἂν εἴπω.  
 γράφε μοι τρίχας τὸ πρῶτον  
 ἀπαλὰς τε καὶ μελαίνας·  
 ὃ δὲ κηρὸς ἂν δύνηται,  
 γράφε καὶ μύρου πνεούσας.







*The Picture.*

## XXVIII.

PAINTER, by unmatched desert  
Master of the Rhodian art,  
Come, my absent mistress take,  
As I shall describe her : make  
First her hair, as black as bright,  
And if colours so much right  
Can but do her, let it too  
Smell of aromatic dew ;

γράφε δ' ἐξ ὅλης παρειῆς  
 ὑπὸ πορφυραῖσι χαίταις  
 ἐλεφάντινον μέτωπον.  
 τὸ μεσόφρυον δὲ μή μοι  
 διάκοπτε, μήτε μίσγε·  
 ἐχέτω δ', ὅπως ἐκείνη,  
 τὸ λεληθότως σύνοφρυ,  
 βλεφάρων ἴτυν κελαινήν.  
 τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς  
 ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον,  
 ἅμα γλαυκόν, ὡς Αθήνης,  
 ἅμα δ' ὑγρόν, ὡς Κυθήρης.

Underneath this shade, must thou  
Draw her alabaster brow ;  
Her dark eye-brows so dispose  
That they neither part nor close,  
But by a divorce so slight  
Be disjoin'd, may cheat the sight :  
From her kindly killing eye  
Make a flash of lightning fly,  
Sparkling like Minerva's, yet  
Like Cythera's mildly sweet :

γράφε ῥῖνα καὶ παρειάς,  
 ῥόδα τῷ γάλακτι μίξας.  
 γράφε χεῖλος, οἷα Πειθοῦς,  
 προκαλούμενον φίλημα.  
 τρυφεροῦ δ' ἔσω γενείου  
 περὶ λυγδίνῳ τραχήλῳ  
 Χάριτες πέτοινο πᾶσαι.  
 στόλισον τὸ λοιπὸν αὐτὴν  
 ὑποπορφύροισι πέπλοις·  
 διαφαινέτω δὲ σαρκῶν  
 ὀλίγον, τὸ σῶμ' ἐλέγχον.  
 ἀπέχει· βλέπω γὰρ αὐτήν.  
 τάχα, κηρὲ, καὶ λαλήσεις.

Roses in milk swimming seek  
For the pattern of her cheek :  
In her lip such moving blisses,  
As from all may challenge kisses ;  
Round about her neck (outvying  
Parian stone) the Graces flying ;  
And o'er all her limbs at last  
A loose purple mantle cast ;  
But so ordered that the eye  
Some part naked may descry,  
An essay by which the rest  
That lies hidden may be guess'd.

So, to life th' hast come so near,  
All of her, but voice, is here.

## ΕΙΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΝ ΒΑΘΥΛΛΟΝ.

## XXIX.

Γράφε μοι Βάθυλλον οὕτω  
 τὸν ἑταῖρον, ὡς διδάσκω.  
 λιπαρὰς κόμας ποίησον,  
 τὰ μὲν ἔνδοθεν μελαίνας,  
 τὰ δ' ἐς ἄκρον ἡλιώσας·  
 ἑλικας δ' ἐλευθέρους μοι  
 πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνθεῖς  
 ἄφες, ὡς θέλωσι, κεῖσθαι.  
 ἀπαλὸν δὲ καὶ δροσῶδες  
 στεφέτω μέτωπον ὀφρὺς  
 κυανωτέρη δρακόντων.  
 μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔστω,  
 κεκερασμένον γαλήνην,  
 τὸ μὲν ἐξ Ἄρης ἔλκον,  
 τὸ δὲ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης,



*Another.*

XXIX.

DRAW my fair as I command,  
Whilst my fancy guides thy hand.  
Black her hair must be, yet bright,  
Tipt, as with a golden light,  
In loose curls thrown o'er her dress  
With a graceful carelessness ;  
On each side her forehead crown  
With an arch of sable down ;  
In her black and sprightly eye  
Sweetness mix with majesty,

ἵνα τις τὸ μὲν φοβῇται,  
 τὸ δ' ἀπ' ἐλπίδος κρεμαῖται·  
 χυοῖην δ' ὅποῖα μῆλον  
 ῥοδέην ποίει παρειήν·  
 ἐρύθημα δ', ὡς ἂν Αἰδοῦς,  
 δύνασαι γάρ, ἐμποίησον.  
 τὸ δὲ χεῖλος οὐκέτ' οἶδα  
 τίνι μοι τρόπῳ ποιήσεις·  
 ἀπαλὸν γέμον τε Πειθοῦς.  
 τὸ δὲ πᾶν ὃ κηρὸς αὐτὸς  
 ἐχέτω λαλῶν σιωπῇ.  
 μετὰ δὲ πρόσωπον ἔστω  
 τὸν Ἀδώνιδος παρελθὼν  
 ἐλεφάντινος τράχηλος.

That the soul of every lover  
There 'twixt hope and fear may hover:  
In her cheek a blushing red  
Must by bashfulness be spread ;  
Such her lips, as if from thence  
Stole a silent eloquence :  
Round her face, her forehead high,  
Neck surpassing ivory ;

μεταμάζιον δὲ ποίει  
 διδύμας τε χεῖρας Ἑρμοῦ,  
 Πολυδεύκεος δὲ μηρούς,  
 Διονυσίην δὲ νηδύν.  
 ἀπαλῶν δ' ὑπερθε μηρῶν,  
 μηρῶν τὸ πῦρ ἐχόντων,  
 ἀφελῇ ποιήσον αἰδῶ,  
 Παφίην θέλουσαν ἤδη.  
 φθονερὴν ἔχεις δὲ τέχνην,  
 ὅτι μὴ τὰ νῶτα δεῖξαι  
 δύνασαι· τὰ δ' ἦν ἀμείνω.  
 τί με δεῖ πόδας διδάσκειν;  
 λάβε μισθὸν ὅσον εἵπης·  
 τὸν Ἀπόλλωνα δὲ τοῦτον  
 καθελὼν ποίει Βάθυλλον.  
 ἦν δ' ἐς Σάμον ποτ' ἔλθης,  
 γράφε Φοῖβον ἐκ Βαθύλλου.

But why all this care to make  
Her description need we take?  
Draw her with exactest art  
After Venus in each part ;  
Or to Samos go, and there  
Venus thou mayst draw by her.

## ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

## XXX.

Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἑρωτα  
 δῆσασαι στεφάνοισιν  
 τῷ Κάλλει παρέδωκαν.  
 καὶ νῦν ἡ Κυθήρεια  
 ζητεῖ, λύτρα φέρουσα,  
 λύσασθαι τὸν Ἑρωτα.  
 καὶ λύσῃ δέ τις αὐτόν,  
 οὐκ ἔξεισι, μένει δέ·  
 δουλεύειν δεδίδακται.







*Love Imprisoned.*

## XXX.

LOVE, in rosy fetters caught,  
To my fair the Muses brought ;  
Gifts his mother did prefer  
To release the prisoner,  
But he'd not be gone though free,  
Pleas'd with his captivity.

## ΕΙΣ ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ.

## XXXI.

Ὅ ταῦρος οὗτος, ὦ παῖ,  
 Ζεὺς μοι δοκεῖ τις εἶναι·  
 φέρει γὰρ ἀμφὶ νώτοις  
 Σιδωνίαν γυναῖκα·  
 περᾶ δὲ πόντον εὐρύν,  
 τέμνει δὲ κῦμα χηλαῖς·  
 οὐκ ἂν δὲ ταῦρος ἄλλος  
 ἐξ ἀγέλης ἐλασθεῖς  
 ἔπλευσε τὴν θάλασσαν,  
 εἰ μὴ μόνος ἐκεῖνος.

*Europa.*

## XXXI.

THIS the figure is of Jove,  
To a bull transform'd by Love,  
On whose back the Tyrian Maid  
Through the surges was convey'd :  
See how swiftly he the wide  
Sea doth with strong hoofs divide ;  
He (and he alone) could swim,  
None o' th' herd e'er follow'd him.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΥ ΕΡΩΤΑΣ.

XXXII.

Εἰ φύλλα πάντα δένδρων  
ἐπίστασαι κατειπεῖν,  
εἰ κύματ' οἶδας εὐρεῖν  
τὰ τῆς ὅλης θαλάσσης,  
σὲ τῶν ἐμῶν ἐρώτων  
μόνον ποῶ λογιστήν.  
πρῶτον μὲν ἐξ Ἀθηνῶν  
ἐρωτας εἴκοσιν θές,  
καὶ πεντεκαίδεκ' ἄλλους·  
ἐπειτα δ' ἐκ Κορίνθου  
θές ὀρμαθοὺς ἐρώτων·  
Ἀχαιΐης γάρ ἐστιν,  
ὅπου καλαὶ γυναῖκες.  
τίθει δὲ Λεσβίους μοι

*The Accompt.*

## XXXII.

IF thou dost the number know  
 Of the leaves on every bough,  
 If thou can'st the reckoning keep  
 Of the sands within the deep ;  
 Thee of all men will I take,  
 And my Love's accomptant make.  
 Of Athenians first a score  
 Set me down ; then fifteen more ;  
 Add a regiment to these  
 Of Corinthian mistresses,  
 For the most renown'd for fair  
 In Achæa sojourn there ;

καὶ μέχρι τῶν Ἰώνων  
 καὶ Καρίης Ῥόδου τε  
 δισχιλίους ἔρωτας.  
 Τί φῆς; αἰὲ κηρῶ θές,  
 οὔπω Σύρους ἔλεξα,  
 οὔπω πόθους Κανώβου,  
 οὐ τῆς ἅπαντ' ἐχούσης  
 Κρήτης, ὅπου πόλεσσι  
 Ἔρωσ ἐποργιάζει.  
 τί σοι θέλεις ἀριθμῶ  
 καὶ τοὺς Γαδείρων ἐκτός,  
 τῶν Βακτρίων τε κ' Ἰνδῶν,  
 ψυχῆς ἐμῆς ἔρωτας;

Next our Lesbian Beauties tell ;  
Those that in Ionia dwell ;  
Those of Rhodes and Caria count ;  
To two thousand they amount.  
Wonder'st thou I love so many ?  
'Las of Syria we not any,  
Egypt yet, nor Crete have told,  
Where his orgies Love doth hold.  
What to those then wilt thou say  
Which in eastern Bactria,  
Or the western Gades remain ?  
But give o'er, thou toil'st in vain ;  
For the sum which thou dost seek  
Puzzles all arithmetic.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΗΝ.

XXXIII.

Μή με φύγῃς ὀρώσα  
 τὰν πολιὰν ἔθειραν·  
 μὴδ' ὅτι σοὶ πάρεστιν  
 ἄνθος ἀκμαῖον ἥβας,  
 δῶρα τὰμὰ διώσῃ.  
 ὄρα καὶ στεφάνοισιν  
 ὅπως πρέπει τὰ λευκά  
 ῥόδοις κρίνα πλακέντα.



[*The Old Lover.*]

XXXIII.

THOUGH my aged head be grey,  
And thy youth more fresh than May,  
Fly me not ; oh ! rather see  
In this wreath how gracefully  
Roses with pale lilies join :  
Learn of them, so let us twine.

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ ΜΕΜΕΘΥΣΜΕΝΟΝ.

## XXXIV.

Ἄφες με, τοὺς θεοὺς σοι,  
 πιεῖν πίειν ἀμυστί·  
 θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.  
 ἐμαίνεται Ἀλκμέων τε  
 χῶ λευκόπους Ὀρέστης,  
 τὰς μητέρας κτανόντες·  
 ἐγὼ δὲ μηδένα κτάς,  
 πιὼν δ' ἐρυθρὸν οἶνον  
 θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.  
 ἐμαίνεθ' Ἡρακλῆς πρὶν  
 δεινὴν κλονῶν φαρέτρην  
 καὶ τόξον Ἰφίτειον·  
 ἐμαίνεται πρὶν Αἴας  
 μετ' ἀσπίδος κραδαίνων  
 τὴν Ἑκτορος μάχαιραν·

[*The Vain Advice.*]

XXXIV.

PRYTHEE trouble me no more ;  
I will drink, be mad, and roar :  
Alcmæon and Orestes grew  
Mad, when they their mothers slew :  
But I no man having kill'd  
Am with hurtless fury fill'd.  
Hercules with madness struck,  
Bent his bow, his quiver shook ;  
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield  
Hector's sword, and grasp'd his shield :

ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων κύπελλον  
καὶ στέμμα τοῦτο χαίταις,  
οὐ τόξον οὐ μάχαιραν,  
θέλω θέλω μανῆναι.

## ΕΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

## XXXV.

Σὺ μὲν, φίλη χελιδών,  
ἐτησίη μολοῦσα  
θέρει πλέκεις καλινήν·  
χειμῶνι δ' εἷς ἄφαντος  
ἢ Νεῖλον ἢ 'πὶ Μέμφιν.  
Ἐρως δ' αἰεὶ πλέκει μεν  
ἐν καρδίῃ καλινήν.

I nor spear nor target have,  
 But this cup (my weapon) wave :  
 Crown'd with roses, thus for more  
 Wine I call, drink, dance, and roar.

*The Swallow.*

XXXV.

GENTLE swallow, thou we know  
 Every year dost come and go ;  
 In the spring thy nest thou mak'st ;  
 In the winter it forsak'st,  
 And divert'st thyself awhile  
 Near the Memphian towers, or Nile :  
 But Love in my suffering breast  
 Builds, and never quits his nest ;

Πόθος δ' ὁ μὲν πτεροῦται,  
 ὁ δ' ὠόν ἐστιν ἀκμήν,  
 ὁ δ' ἡμίλεπτος ἤδη.  
 βοή δὲ γίνετ' αἰεὶ  
 κεχηνότων νεοσσῶν.  
 Ἐρωτιδεῖς δὲ μικροὺς  
 οἱ μείζονες τρέφουσιν.  
 οἱ δὲ τραφέντες εὐθὺς  
 πάλιν κύνουσιν ἄλλους.  
 τί μῆχος οὖν γένηται;  
 σὺ γὰρ σθένω τοσούτους  
 Ἐρωτας ἐκβοῇσαι.

First one Love's hatch'd ; when that flies,  
In the shell another lies ;  
Then a third is half expos'd ;  
Then a whole brood is disclos'd,  
Which for meat still peeping cry,  
Whilst the others that can fly  
Do their callow brethren feed,  
And grown up, they young ones breed.  
What then will become of me  
Bound to pain incessantly,  
Whilst so many Loves conspire  
On my heart by turns to tire ?

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΝΕΤΩΣ ΖΗΝ.

XXXVI.

Τί με τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις  
 καὶ ῥητόρων ἀνάγκας;  
 τί δέ μοι λόγων τοσούτων,  
 τῶν μὴδὲν ὠφελούντων;  
 μᾶλλον δίδασκε πίνειν  
 ἀπαλὸν πῶμα Λυαίου·  
 μᾶλλον δίδασκε παίζειν  
 μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.  
 πολιαὶ στέφουσι κάραν·  
 βάλλ' ὕδωρ, δὸς οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,  
 τὴν ψυχὴν μου κάρωσον.  
 βραχὺ μὴ ζῶντα καλύπτεις·  
 ὁ θανὼν οὐκ ἐπιθυμεῖ.



[*Cheerful Living.*]

XXXVI.

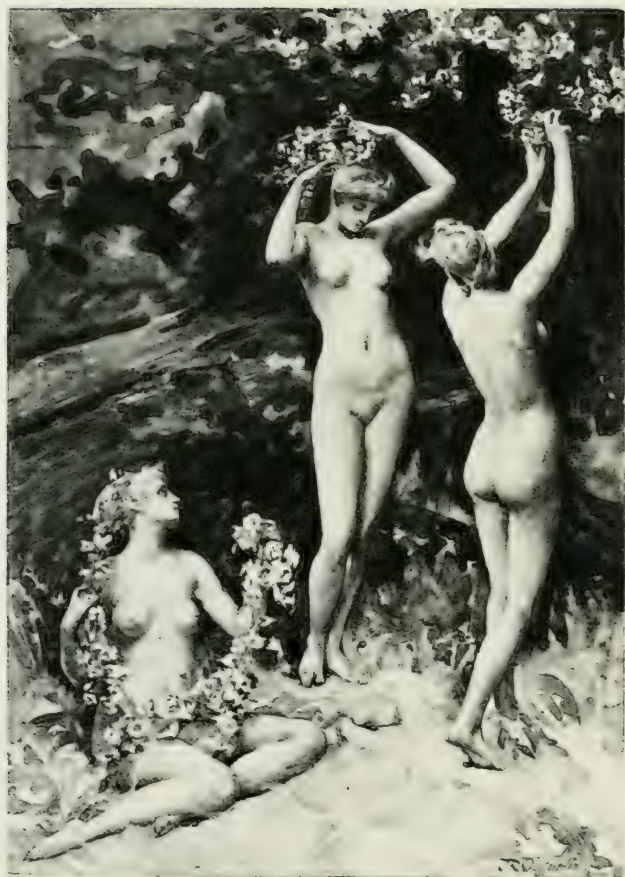
VEX no more thyself and me  
With demure philosophy :  
Hollow precepts, only fit  
To amuse the busy wit ;  
Teach me brisk Lyæus' rites ;  
Teach me Venus' blithe delights ;  
Jove loves water, give me wine ;  
That my soul ere I resign  
May this cure of sorrow have ;  
There's no drinking in the grave.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ.

XXXVII.

Ἴδε πῶς ἔαρος φανέντος  
 Χάριτες ῥόδα βρύουσι·  
 Ἴδε πῶς κῦμα θαλάσσης  
 ἀπαλύνεται γαλήνη·  
 Ἴδε πῶς νῆσσα κολυμβᾷ·  
 Ἴδε πῶς γέρανος ὁδεύει.  
 ἀφελῶς δ' ἔλαμψε Τίταν·  
 νεφελῶν σκιαὶ κλονοῦνται·  
 τὰ βροτῶν δ' ἔλαμψεν ἔργα·  
 [καρπαῖσι γαῖα προκύπτει.]  
 καρπὸς ἐλαίας προκύπτει.  
 Βρομίου στέφεται νᾶμα·  
 κατὰ φύλλον, κατὰ κλῶνα,  
 θαλέθων ἥνθησε καρπός.





*The Spring.*

## XXXVII.

SEE the Spring herself discloses,  
And the Graces gather roses ;  
See how the becalmed seas  
Now their swelling waves appease ;  
How the duck swims, how the crane  
Comes from's winter home again ;  
See how Titan's cheerful ray  
Chaseth the dark clouds away ;  
Now in their new robes of green  
Are the ploughman's labours seen :  
Now the lusty teeming Earth  
Springs each hour with a new birth ;  
Now the olive blooms : the vine  
Now doth with plump pendants shine ;  
And with leaves and blossom now  
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

ΕΙΣ ΕΛΥΤΟΝ.

XXXVIII.

Ἐγὼ γέρων μὲν εἶμι,  
 νέων πλέον δὲ πίνω·  
 καὶ δαήσῃ με χορεύειν,  
 Σειληγόν\* ἐν μέσοισιν  
 μιμούμενος χορεύσω.  
 σκῆπτρον ἔχω τὸν ἀσκόν·  
 ὁ δ' οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὁ νάρθηξ.  
 ὁ μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι,  
 παρέστω καὶ μαχέσθω.  
 ἐμοὶ κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ,  
 μελιχρὸν οἶνον ἥδυν  
 ἐγκεράσας φόρησον.  
 ἐγὼ γέρων μὲν εἶμι  
 [νέων πλέον δὲ πίνω].

\* This line and the next stood at the end of the poem. The change was made by Lachmann.

[*On Himself.*]

XXXVIII.

OLD I am, yet can (I think)  
Those that younger are out-drink ;  
When I dance no staff I take,  
But a well-fill'd bottle shake :  
He that doth in war delight,  
Come, and with these arms let's fight ;  
Fill the cup, let loose a flood  
Of the rich grape's luscious blood ;  
Old I am, and therefore may,  
Like Silenus, drink and play.

## ΕΙΣ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ.

## XXXIX.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῖω τὸν οἶνον,  
τότ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ ἰανθέν

. . . . .

†λιγαίνειν ἄρχεται Μούσας.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῖω τὸν οἶνον,  
ἀπορίπτονται μέριμναι  
πολυφρόντιδές τε βουλαί  
ἐς ἀλικτύπους ἀήτας.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῖω τὸν οἶνον,  
λυσιπαίγμων τότε Βάκχος  
πολυανθέσιν μ' ἐν αὔραις  
δονέει μέθη γανώσας.



[*Frolic Wine.*]

XXXIX.

WHEN I ply the cheering bowl,  
Brisk Lyæus through my soul  
Straight such lively joy diffuses  
That I sing, and bless the Muses ;  
Full of wine I cast behind  
All my sorrows to the wind ;  
Full of wine my head I crown,  
Roving loosely up and down ;

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
 στεφάνους ἄνθεσι πλέξας,  
 ἐπιθείς τε τῷ καρήνῳ,  
 βιότου μέλπω γαλήνην.

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
 μύρῳ εὐώδεϊ τέγξας  
 δέμας, ἀγκάλαις δὲ κούρην  
 κατέχων, Κύπριν αἰίδω.

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
 ὑπὸ κυρτοῖς δὲ κυπέλλοις  
 τὸν ἐμὸν νόον ἀπλώσας  
 θιάσῳ τέρπομαι κούρων.

ὅτ' ἐγὼ πίων τὸν οἶνον,  
 τοῦτό μοι μόνον τὸ κέρδος,  
 ὅ τ' ἐγὼ λαβὼν ἀποίσω·  
 τὸ θανεῖν γὰρ μετὰ πάντων.

Full of wine I praise the life  
Calmly ignorant of strife ;  
Full of wine I court some fair,  
And Cythera's worth declare ;  
Full of wine my close thoughts I  
To my jovial friends untie :  
Wine makes age with new years sprout :  
Wine denied, my life goes out.

## ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

## XL.

Ἔρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισιν  
 κοιμωμένην μέλιτταν  
 οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρώθη  
 τὸν δάκτυλον· παταχθείς†  
 τὰς χεῖρας ὠλόλυξεν·  
 δραμὼν δὲ καὶ πετασθεὶς  
 πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην,  
 ὄλωλα, μάτερ, εἶπεν,  
 ὄλωλα καποθνήσκω·  
 ὄφεις μ' ἔτυψε μικρὸς  
 πτερωτός, ὃν καλοῦσιν  
 μέλιτταν οἱ γεωργοί.  
 αἱ δ' εἶπεν· εἰ τὸ κέντρον  
 πονεῖ τὸ τᾶς μελίττας,  
 πόσον δοκεῖς πονοῦσιν,  
 Ἔρως, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις;





*The Bee.*

## XL.

LOVE, a Bee that lurk'd among  
Roses saw not, and was stung :  
Who for his hurt finger crying,  
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,  
Doth to his fair mother hie,  
And O help, cries he, I die ;  
A wing'd snake hath bitten me,  
Call'd by countrymen a Bee :  
At which Venus, If such smart  
A Bee's little sting impart,  
How much greater is the pain,  
They, whom thou hast hurt, sustain ?

## ΕΙΣ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ.

## XLI.

Ἰλαροὶ πίωμεν οἶνον,  
 ἀναμέλψομεν δὲ Βάκχον,  
 τὸν ἐφευρετὰν χορείας,  
 τὸν ὅλας ποθοῦντα μολπάς,  
 τὸν ὁμότροφον Ἑρώτων,  
 τὸν ἐρώμενον Κυθήρης·  
 δι' ὃν ἡ μέθη λοχεύθη,  
 δι' ὃν ἡ χάρις ἐτέχθη,  
 δι' ὃν ἀμπαύεται λύπα,  
 δι' ὃν εὐνάζετ' ἀνία.  
 τὸ μὲν οὖν πῶμα κερασθέν  
 ἀπαλοὶ φέρουσι παῖδες·  
 τὸ δ' ἄχος πέφευγε μιχθέν  
 ἀνεμοτρόφῳ θυέλλῃ.



[*Praise of Bacchus.*]

XLI.

WHILST our joys with wine we raise,  
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.  
Bacchus dancing did invent ;  
Bacchus is on songs intent ;  
Bacchus teacheth Love to court,  
And his mother how to sport ;  
Graceful confidence he lends ;  
He oppressive trouble ends ;  
To the bowl when we repair,  
Grief doth vanish into air ;

τὸ μὲν αὖν πῶμα λάβωμεν,  
 τὰς δὲ φροντίδας μεθῶμεν·  
 τί γάρ ἐστί σοι τὸ κέρδος  
 ὀδυνωμένῳ μερίμναις;  
 πόθεν οἶδαμεν τὸ μέλλον;  
 ὁ βίος βροτοῖς ἄδηλος·  
 μεθύων θέλω χορεύειν,  
 μεμυρισμένος δὲ παίζειν  
 μετὰ καὶ καλῶν γυναικῶν·  
 μελέτω δέ τοις θέλουσιν  
 ὅσον ἐστὶν ἐν μερίμναις.  
 ἱλαροὶ πίωνμεν οἶνον,  
 ἀναμέλψομεν δὲ Βάκχον.

Drink we then, and drown all sorrow ;  
All our care not knows the morrow ;  
Life is dark, let 's dance and play,  
They that will be troubled may ;  
We our joys with wine will raise,  
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.

## ΕΡΩΤΙΚΟΝ.

## XLII.

Ποθέω μὲν Διονύσου  
 φιλοπαίγμονος χορείας·  
 φιλέω δ', ὅταν ἐφήβου  
 μετὰ συμπότου λυρίζω·  
 στεφανίσκους δ' ὑακίνθων  
 κροτάφοισιν ἀμφιπλέξας  
 μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρειν  
 φιλέω μάλιστα πάντων.  
 [φθόνον οὐκ οἶδ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ,]  
 φθόνον οὐκ οἶδα †δαϊκτόν·  
 φιλολοιδόροιο γλώττης  
 φεύγω βέλεμνα κωφά·  
 στυγέω μάχας παροίνους.  
 πολυκώμους κατὰ δαῖτας  
 νεοθηλέσιν ἅμα κούραις  
 ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ χορεύων  
 βίον ἥσυχον φεροίμην.

[*Mirth.*]

XLII.

I DIVINE Lyæus prize,  
Who with mirth and wit supplies :  
Compass'd with a jovial quire,  
I affect to touch the lyre :  
But of all my greatest joy  
Is with sprightly maids to toy :  
My free heart no envy bears,  
Nor another's envy fears ;  
Proof against invective wrongs,  
Brittle shafts of poisonous tongues.  
Wine with quarrels sour'd I hate,  
Or feasts season'd with debate :  
But I love a harmless measure ;  
Life to quiet hath no pleasure.

## ΕΙΣ ΤΕΤΤΙΓΑ.

## XLIII.

Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ,  
 ὅτε δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων  
 ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκώς  
 βασιλεὺς ἔπως αἰδεῖς·  
 σὰ γάρ ἐστι κεῖνα πάντα,  
 ὅποσα βλέπεις ἐν ἀγροῖς,  
 ὅποσα τρέφουσιν ἕλαι.  
 σὺ δὲ φιλία γεωργῶν  
 ἀπὸ μηδένας τι βλάπτων·  
 σὺ δὲ τίμιος βροτοῖσιν,  
 θέρεος γλυκὺς προφήτης·  
 φιλέουσι μὲν σε Μοῦσαι,  
 φιλέει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτός,  
 λιγυρὴν δ' ἔδωκεν οἶμην.

*The Grasshopper.*

XLIII.

GRASSHOPPER thrice-happy! who  
 Sipping the cool morning dew,  
 Queen-like chirpest all the day  
 Seated on some verdant spray;  
 Thine is all whate'er earth brings,  
 Or the hours with laden wings;  
 Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,  
 'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:  
 Thou by all art honour'd; all  
 Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;  
 By the Muses thou admir'd,  
 By Apollo art inspir'd,

τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὐ σε τείρει,  
 σοφέ, γηγενής, φίλυμνε·  
 ἀπαθὴς δ', ἀναιμόσαρκε,  
 σχεδὸν εἴ θεοῖς ὅμοιος.

ONAP.

XLIV.

Ἐδόκουν ὄναρ τροχάζειν  
 πτέρυγας φέρων ἐπ' ὤμων·  
 ὁ δ' Ἑρως ἔχων μόλιβδον  
 περὶ τοῖς καλοῖς ποδίσκοις  
 ἐδίωκε καὶ κίχανεν.  
 τί δ' ὄναρ θέλει τόδ' εἶναι;  
 δοκέω δ' ἔγωγε πολλοῖς  
 ἐν Ἑρωσί με πλακέντα  
 διολισθάνειν μὲν ἄλλους,  
 ἐνὶ τῷδε συνδεθῆναι.



Ageless, ever-singing, good,  
 Without passion, flesh or blood ;  
 Oh how near thy happy state  
 Comes the gods to imitate !

*The Dream.*

XLIV.

As I late in slumber lay  
 Wing'd methought I ran away,  
 But Love (his feet clogg'd with lead)  
 As thus up and down I fled,  
 Following caught me instantly :  
 What may this strange dream imply ?  
 What but this ? that in my heart  
 Though a thousand Loves had part,  
 I shall now (their snares declin'd)  
 To this only be confin'd.

## ΕΙΣ ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΕΡΩΤΟΣ ΒΕΛΗ.

## XLV.

Ὁ ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης  
 παρὰ Λημνίαις καμίνοις  
 τὰ βέλη τὰ τῶν Ἑρώτων  
 ἐπόει λαβὼν σίδηρον.  
 ἀκίδας δ' ἔβαπτε Κύπρις  
 μέλι τὸ γλυκὺ λαβοῦσα·  
 ὁ δ' Ἑρως χολὴν ἔμισγεν.  
 ὁ δ' Ἀρης ποτ' ἐξ αὐτῆς  
 στιβαρὸν δόρυ κραδαίνων  
 βέλος ἠυτέλιζ' Ἑρωτος·  
 ὁ δ' Ἑρως, τόδ' ἐστίν, εἶπεν,  
 βαρὺ· πειράσας νοήσεις.  
 ἔλαβεν βέλεμνον Ἀρης·  
 ὑπεμειδίασε Κύπρις.  
 ὁ δ' Ἀρης ἀναστενάξας,  
 βαρὺ, φησὶν· ἄρον αὐτό.  
 ὁ δ' Ἑρως, ἔχ' αὐτί, φησὶν.

*Love's Arrows.*

## XLV.

IN the Lemnian forge of late  
 Vulcan making arrows sate,  
 Whilst with honey their barb'd points  
 Venus, Love with gall anoints :  
 Armed Mars by chance comes there,  
 Brandishing a sturdy spear,  
 And in scorn the little shaft  
 Offering to take up, he laugh'd :  
 "This," saith Love, "which thou dost slight,  
 Is not (if thou try it) light ;"  
 Up Mars takes it, Venus smil'd ;  
 But he (sighing) to the Child,  
 "Take it," cries, "its weight I feel ;"  
 "Nay," says Love, "e'en keep it still."

## ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

## XLVI.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιληῆσαι,  
 χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιληῆσαι,  
 χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων  
 ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντα.  
 γένος οὐδὲν εἰς Ἑρωτα·  
 σοφίῃ, τρόπος πατεῖται·  
 μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν.  
 ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς  
 ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας.  
 διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφός,  
 διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆς·  
 πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτόν.  
 τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ὀλλύμεσθα  
 διὰ τοῦτον οἱ φιλοῦντες.

*Gold.*

XLVI.

NOT to love a pain is deem'd,  
 And to love's the same esteem'd :  
 But of all the greatest pain  
 Is to love unlov'd again.  
 Birth in love is now rejected,  
 Parts and arts are disrespected,  
 Only gold is look'd upon.  
 A curse take him that was won  
 First to doat upon it ; hence  
 Springs 'twixt brothers difference ;  
 This makes parents slighted ; this  
 War's dire cause and fuel is :  
 And what's worst, by this alone  
 Are we lovers overthrown.

ΕΙΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΑ.

XLVII.

Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνόν,  
 φιλῶ νέον χορευτάν·  
 αὖ δ' ὁ γέρων χορεύη,  
 τρίχας γέρων μέν ἐστιν,  
 τὰς δὲ φρένας νεάζει.

[*Youthful Eld.*]

## XLVII.

YOUNG men dancing, and the old  
Sporting I with joy behold ;  
But an old man gay and free  
Dancing most I love to see ;  
Age and youth alike he shares,  
For his heart belies his hairs.

## ΕΙΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΝ.

## XLVIII.

Ὅ τὸν ἐν πόνοις ἀτειρῇ  
 νέον, ἐν πότοις ἀταρβῇ,  
 καλὸν ἐν πότοις χορευτὴν  
 τελέων θεὸς κατῆλθεν,  
 ἀπαλὸν βροτοῖσι φίλτρον  
 πόθον ἄστονον κομίζων,  
 γόνον ἀμπέλου, τὸν οἶνον  
 πεπεδημένον γ' ὀπώραις  
 ἐπὶ κλημάτων φυλάττων,  
 ἴν', ὅταν τέμωσι βότρυν,  
 ἄνοσοι μένωσι πάντες,  
 ἄνοσοι δέμας θεητόν,  
 ἄνοσοι γλυκύν τε θυμόν,  
 ἐς ἔτους φανέντος ἄλλου.



[*Wine the Healer.*]

XLVIII.

Who his cups\* can stoutly bear,  
 In his cups despiseth fear,  
 In his cups can nimbly dance,  
 Him Lyæus will advance :  
 Nectar of us mortals wine,  
 The glad offspring of the vine,  
 Screen'd with leaves, preserv'd within  
 The plump grape's transparent skin,  
 In the body all diseases,  
 In the soul all grief appeases.

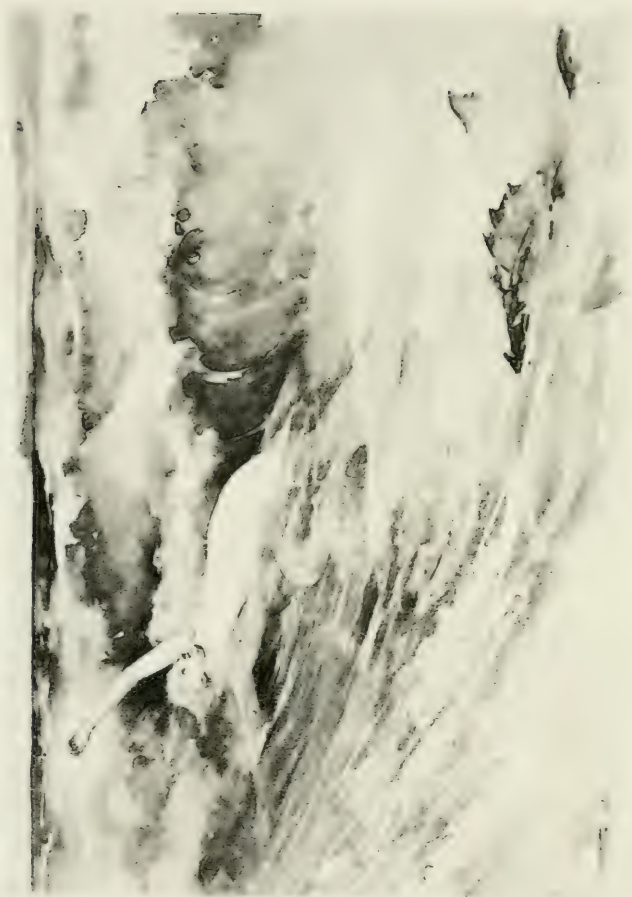
\* Stanley read “ἐν πότοις.”

## ΕΙΣ ΔΙΣΚΟΝ ΕΧΟΝΤΑ ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗΝ.

## XLIX.

Ἄρα τίς τόρευσε πόντον,  
 ἄρα τίς μανεῖσα τέχνα  
 ἀνέχευε κῦμα δίσκῳ;  
 ἐπὶ νῶτα τῆς θαλάττης  
 ἄρα τίς χάραξε λευκὰν  
 ἀπαλὰν ὑπερθε Κύπριν;  
 νόος ἐς θεῶν ἀέρθη  
 μακάρων φύσιος ἄρχάν.  
 ὃδε νεῖν ἔδειξε γυμνάν,  
 ὅσα μὴ θέμις δ' ὀρᾶσθαι,  
 μόνα κύμασιν καλύπτει.  
 ἀλαλημένη δ' ὑπ' ἀκτᾶ  
 βρύον ὥς, ὑπερθε λευκὸν  
 ἀπαλόχροον γαλήνας  
 δέμας εἰς πλόον φέρουσα,  
 ῥόθιον πάροιθεν ἔλκει.





*On a Basin wherein Venus was Engraved.*

## XLIX.

WHAT bold hand the sea engraves,  
 Whilst its undetermin'd waves  
 In a dish's narrow round  
 Art's more powerful rage doth bound?  
 See, by some Promethean mind  
 Cytherea there design'd,  
 Mother of the deities,  
 Expos'd naked to our eyes  
 In all parts, save those alone  
 Modesty will not have shown,  
 Which for covering only have  
 The thin mantle of a wave:  
 On the surface of the main,  
 Which a smiling calm lays plain,  
 She, like frothy sedges, swims,  
 And displays her snowy limbs:

ῥοδέων δ' ὑπερθε μαζῶν  
 ἀπαλῆς ἔνερθε δειρῆς  
 μέγα κῦμα πρῶρα τέμνει.  
 μέσον αὐλακος δὲ Κύπρις  
 κρίνον ὥς ἴοις ἐλιχθὲν  
 διαφαίνεται γαλήνας.  
 ὑπὲρ ἀργύρῳ δ' ὀχοῦνται  
 ἐπὶ δελφῖσι χορευταῖς  
 δολερὸν Πόθος μετώπῳ,  
 Ἔρος, Ἴμερος γελῶντες.  
 χορὸς ἰχθύων τε κυρτὸς  
 ἐπὶ κυμάτων κυβιστῶν  
 Παφίης τὸ σῶμ' ὀπάζει,  
 ἵνα νήχεται γελῶσα.

Whilst the foaming billow swells,  
As her breast its force repels,  
And her form striving to hide  
Her doth by her neck divide,  
Like a lily round beset  
By the purple violet.  
Loves, who dolphins do bestride,  
O'er the silver surges ride,  
And with many a wanton smile  
Lovers of their hearts beguile ;  
Whilst the people of the flood  
To her side, like wantons, scud.

## ΕΙΣ ΡΟΔΟΝ.

L.

Στεφανηφόρου μετ' ἤρος  
 μέλομαι ῥόδον τέρεινον  
 . . . . (αἰεῖδεν)  
 σὺν δ', ἑταῖρ', ἄεξε μέλπων.  
 τόδε γὰρ θεῶν ἄημα,  
 τόδε καὶ βροτῶν τὸ χάρμα,  
 Χάρισίν τ' ἄγαλμ' ἐν ὥραις,  
 πολυανθέων Ἑρώτων  
 ἀφροδίσιόν τ' ἄθυρμα.  
 τόδε καὶ μέλημα μύθοις,  
 χαρίεν φυτόν τε Μουσῶν·  
 γλυκὺ καὶ ποιῶντα πείραν  
 ἐν ἀκανθίναις ἀταρποῖς·



*The Rose.*

L.

WITH the flowery crowned spring  
Now the vernal rose we sing ;  
Sons of mirth, your sprightly lays  
Mix with ours, to sound its praise :  
Rose, the gods' and men's sweet flower ;  
Rose, the Graces' paramour :  
This of Muses the delight,  
This is Venus' favourite ;  
Sweet, when guarded by sharp thorns ;

γλυκὺ δ' αὖ λαβόντα θάλλπειν  
 μαλακαῖσι χερσὶ κούφαις  
 προσάγειν τ' Ἔρωτος ἄνθος.  
 Τί δὲ φῶ; τί δ' αὖ τὸ τερπνὸν  
 θαλίαις τε καὶ τραπέζαις  
 Διονυσίαις θ' ἑορταῖς  
 δίχα τοῦ ῥόδου γένοιτ' αὖ;  
 ῥοδοδάκτυλος μὲν Ἥώς,  
 ῥοδοπήχεες δὲ Νύμφαι,  
 ῥοδόχρους δὲ κ' Ἀφροδίτα  
 παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν καλεῖται.  
 τόδε καὶ νοσοῦσιν ἀρκεῖ,  
 τόδε καὶ νεκροῖς ἀμύνει,  
 τόδε καὶ χρόνον βιάται·  
 χαρίεν ῥόδων δὲ γῆρας  
 νεότητος ἔσχεν ὁδμήν.

Sweet, when it soft hands adorns ;  
How at mirthful boards admir'd !  
How at Bacchus' feasts desir'd !  
Fair without it what is born ?  
Rosy-finger'd is the Morn ;  
Rosy-arm'd the nymphs we name ;  
Rosy-cheek'd Love's queen proclaim :  
This relief 'gainst sickness lends ;  
This the very dead befriends ;  
This Time's malice doth prevent,  
Old retains its youthful scent.

φέρε δὴ, φύσιν λέγωμεν·  
 χαροπῆς ὅτ' ἐκ θαλάσσης  
 δεδρωσμένην Κυθήρην  
 ἐλόχευσε πόντος ἀφρῶ,  
 πολεμόκλονόν τ' Ἀθήνην  
 κορυφῆς ἔδειξεν† ὁ Ζεύς,  
 φοβεράν θέαν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 τότε καὶ ῥόδων ἀγῆτον  
 νέον ἔρνος ἤνθισε χθών,  
 πολυδαίδαλον λόχευμα·  
 μακάρων θεῶν δ' ὅμιλος,  
 ῥόδον ὡς γάνοιτο, νέκταρ  
 ἐπιτέγξας ἀνέθηλεν  
 ἀγέρωχον ἐξ ἀκάνθης  
 φυτὸν ἄμβροτον Λυαίου.

When Cythera from the main,  
Pallas sprung from Jove's crack'd brain,  
Then the rose receiv'd its birth  
From the youthful teeming earth ;  
Every god was its protector,  
Wat'ring it by turns with nectar,  
Till from thorns it grew, and prov'd  
Of Lyæus the belov'd.

## ΕΠΙΛΗΝΙΟΣ ΥΜΝΟΣ.

## LI.

Τὸν μελανόχρωτα βότρυ  
 ταλάροις φέρουσιν ἄνδρες  
 μετὰ παρθένων ἐπ' ὤμων,  
 κατὰ ληνὸν δὲ βαλόντες,  
 μόνον ἄρσενες πατοῦσιν  
 σταφυλήν, λύντες οἶνον,  
 μέγα τὸν θεὸν κροτοῦντες  
 ἐπιληνίοισιν ὕμνοις,  
 ἐρατὸν πίθοις ὀρῶντες  
 νέον ἐκζέοντα Βάκχον·  
 ὃν ὅταν πῆγῃ γεραίός,  
 τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χορεύει,  
 πολιάς τρίχας τινάσσων.

*The Vintage.*

## LI.

MEN and maids at time of year  
The ripe clusters jointly bear  
To the press, but in when thrown,  
They by men are trod alone,  
Who in Bacchus' praises join,  
Squeeze the grape, let out the wine :  
Oh with what delight they spy  
The new must when tunned work high !  
Which if old men freely take,  
Their grey heads and heels they shake ;

ὁ δὲ παρθένον λοχήσας  
 ἐρατὸς νέος ἐλυσθεὶς  
 ἀπαλὸν δέμας χυθεῖσαν  
 σκιερῶν ὑπερθε φύλλων,  
 βεβαρημένην ἐς ὕπνον,  
 ἐς ἔρωτ' ἄωρα θέλγει  
 προδότιν γάμων γενέσθαι·  
 ὁ δὲ μὴ λόγοισι πείθων  
 τότε μὴ θέλουσαν ἄγχει·  
 μετὰ γὰρ νέων ὁ Βάκχος  
 μεθύων ἄτακτα παίζει.



And a young man, if he find  
Some fair maid to sleep resign'd  
In the shade, he straight goes to her,  
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to woo her ;  
Whilst Love slily stealing in  
Tempts her to the pleasing sin :  
Yet she long resists his offers,  
Nor will hear whate'er he proffers,  
Till perceiving that his prayer  
Melts into regardless air,  
Her, who seemingly refrains,  
He by pleasing force constrains ;  
Wine doth boldness thus dispense,  
Teaching young men insolence.

ΕΙΣ EAYTON.

LII.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ νέων ὅμιλον  
 ἐσορῶ, πάρεστιν ἥβα·  
 τότε δῆ, τότ' ἐς χορείην  
 ὁ γέρων ἐγὼ πτεροῦμαι.  
 περιμαίνομαι, Κυβήβα·  
 παράδος· θέλω στέφεσθαι·  
 πολὺν δὲ γῆρας ἐκδὺς  
 νέος ἐν νέοις χορεύσω,  
 Διονυσίης δέ μοί τις  
 φερέτω ῥοὰν ὀπώρας,  
 ἵν' ἴδῃ γέροντος ἀλκὴν  
 δεδαικότος μὲν εἰπεῖν,  
 δεδαικότος δὲ πίνειν,  
 χαριέντως δὲ μαυῆναι.

[*On Himself.*]

## LII.

WHEN I see the young men play,  
Young methinks I am as they ;  
And my aged thoughts laid by,  
To the dance with joy I fly :  
Come, a flowery chaplet lend me ;  
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me :  
Age be gone, we'll dance among  
Those that young are, and be young :  
Bring some wine, boy, fill about ;  
You shall see the old man's stout ;  
Who can laugh and tipples too,  
And be mad as well as you.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΕΡΩΝΤΑΣ.

LIII.

Ἐν ἰσχύοις μὲν ἵπποι  
 πυρὸς χάραγμ' ἔχουσιν·  
 καὶ Παρθίους τις ἄνδρας  
 ἐγνώρισεν τιάραις.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοὺς ἐρῶντας  
 ἰδὼν ἐπίσταμ' εὐθύς·  
 ἔχουσι γάρ τι λεπτὸν  
 ψυχῆς ἔσω χάραγμα.

[*Love's Mark.*]

LIII.

HORSES plainly are descry'd  
By the mark upon their side :  
Parthians are distinguished  
By the mitres on their head :  
But from all men else a lover  
I can easily discover,  
For upon his easy breast  
Love his brand-mark hath imprest.

## ΠΡΟΣ ΖΩΓΡΑΦΟΝ.

## LIV.

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε,  
 λυρικῆς ἄκουε μούσης·

. . . . .

φιλοπαίγμονες δὲ Βάκχαι  
 ἑτεροπνόους ἐναύλους

. . . . .

γράφε τὰς πόλεις τὸ πρῶτον  
 ἱλαράς τε καὶ γελώσας.

ὁ δὲ κηρὸς αὖ δύναιτο,  
 γράφε καὶ νόμους φιλοούντων.

*[Instructions to a Painter.]*

## LIV.

BEST of painters come, pursue  
What our Muse invites thee to,  
And Lyæus, whose shrill flute  
Vies with her harmonious lute ;  
Draw me a full city, where  
Several shapes of mirth appear ;  
And the laws of love, if cold  
Wax so great a flame can hold.

ΑΛΛΟ ΩΔΑΡΙΟΝ.

LV.

Δότε μοι λύρην Ὀμήρου  
 φονίης ἀνευθε χορδῆς·  
 φέρε μοι κύπελλα θεσμῶν,  
 φέρε μοι νόμους, κεράσσω,  
 μεθύων ὅπως χορεύσω,  
 ὑπὸ σῶφρονος δὲ λύσσης  
 μετὰ βαρβίτων αἰείδων  
 τὸ παροίνιον βοήσω.



[*Wine and Song.*]

## LV.

BRING me hither Homer's lute,  
 Taught with mirth (not wars) to suit;  
 Reach a full cup, that I may  
 All the laws of wine obey,  
 Drink, and dance, and to the lyre  
 Sing what Bacchus shall inspire.

## NOTE.

THE foregoing fifty-five pieces constitute the Odes of Anacreon in the Editio Princeps of Henricus Stephanus (Paris, 1554). The Palatine MS., from which Stephanus drew (see Introduction), contains a few additional Anacreontic poems. Some of these were excluded by Stephanus; others were printed separately in smaller type. Stanley did not include any of the additional pieces in his translation.

In the Palatine MS. the Anacreontea (*Ἀνακρέοντος Τηίου συμποσιακὰ ἡμιάμβια*) open with the following poem, which Stephanus silently rejected (as being written about, not by,

Anacreon), but which he afterwards printed in his *Pindar*, 1560 (p. 406), under the heading "Incerti Autoris de Anacreonte."

Ἀνακρέων ἰδὼν με  
ὁ Τήϊος μελωδὸς  
ὄναρ λέγων προσεῖπεν·  
καὶ γὰρ δραμὼν πρὸς αὐτὸν  
περιπλάκην φιλήσας.  
γέρων μὲν ἦν, καλὸς δέ,  
[καλὸς γε καὶ φίλοινος·]  
τὸ χεῖλος ὥζεν οἴνου,  
τρέμοντα δ' αὐτὸν ἤδη  
Ἔρως ἐχειραγώγει.  
ὁ δ' ἐξελὼν καρῆνου  
ἐμοὶ στέφος δίδωσιν·  
τὸ δ' ὥς Ἀνακρέοντος.  
ἐγὼ δ' ὁ μωρὸς ἄρας  
ἐδησάμην μετώπῳ·  
καὶ δῆθεν ἄχρι καὶ νῦν  
ἔρωτος οὐ πέπαυμαι.

*The Dream.*

IN a dream unto me came  
Anacreon, of Teian fame.  
He accosted me, and I  
Ran up to him lovingly,  
And my arms about him threw.  
Old he was, but fair to view,  
Fair, a lover of the vine ;  
His stain'd lip yet breath'd of wine.  
Falteringly he seem'd to tread ;  
(Love his trembling footsteps led ;)   
Crowned was his brow, and he  
Held the garland out to me.  
Of Anacreon it breath'd :  
Straight my forehead (fool !) I wreath'd ;  
And from that time till to-day  
I by love am plagued away.

THE next poem, No. 6 in the Palatine MS., was rejected by Stephanus for the reason that it is found in the Planudean Anthology (lib. vii.) with the heading ἀπὸ Ἰουλιανοῦ (the Aldine edition, 1503, adding ἀπὸ ὑπάρχων Αἰγυπτίου). Julianus Aegyptius flourished in the sixth century, A.D. I append a translation from Robert Herrick's *Hesperides*.

## ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

Στέφος πλέκων ποθ' εὔρον  
 ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἔρωτα·  
 καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχὼν  
 ἐβάπτισ' εἰς τὸν οἶνον·  
 λαβὼν δ' ἔπινον αὐτόν,  
 καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν μου  
 πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.

*Upon Cupid.*

As lately I a garland bound,  
'Mongst roses I there Cupid found ;  
I took him, put him in my cup,  
And drunk with wine, I drank him up.  
Hence then it is that my poor breast  
Could never since find any rest.

THE following piece, No. 20 in the Palatine MS., was excluded by Stephanus, as being about (not by) Anacreon.

Ἕδυμελὴς Ἀνακρέων,  
 ἡδυμελὴς δὲ Σαπφώ·  
 Πινδαρικὸν τόδε μοι μέλος  
 συγκεράσας τις ἐγχείοι.  
 τὰ τρία ταῦτά μοι δοκεῖ  
 καὶ Διόνυσος ἐλθὼν,  
 καὶ Πάφίη λιπαρόχροος,  
 καὐτὸς Ἔρως ἄν ἐκπιεῖν.

*The Bowl of Song.*

SWEET the song Anacreon sings,  
Sweet notes flow from Sappho's strings :  
Pindar's strains, their sweets among,  
Add, to crown the bowl of song.  
Such a triple charm would sure  
Dionysus' lips allure ;  
Paphos' sleek-skin'd queen would deign,  
Or Love's self, the cup to drain.

THE next poem, No. 41 in the Palatine MS., was relegated by Stephanus to the Appendix.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ ΗΤΟΙ ΚΑΛΟΚΕΡΙΝ.

Τὶ καλόν ἐστι βαδίζειν,  
 ὅπου λειμῶνες κομῶσιν,  
 ὅπου λεπτὴν ἡδυτάτην  
 ἀναπνεῖ Ζέφυρος αὔρην,  
 κλῆμα τὸ Βάκχειον ἰδεῖν,  
 χυτὸ τὰ πέταλα δύναι,  
 ἀπαλὴν παῖδα κατέχων,  
 Κύπριν ὅλην πνέουσαν.



*Spring.*

PLEASANT 'tis abroad to stray  
Thro' the meadow deep in hay,  
Where soft zephyrs, breathing low,  
Odorous sweets around us throw ;  
Pleasant, where the gadding vine  
Weaves a safe shade, to recline  
With some dainty girl whose breast  
Cypris wholly hath possest.

THE next piece, No. 58, is more than usually corrupt. I have rendered part of it; but towards the end the text becomes hopeless.

## ΕΙΣ ΧΡΥΣΟΝ.

Ὁ δραπετάς ὁ χρυσός,  
 ὅταν φύγῃ με κραιπνοῖς  
 διηνέμοις τε ταρσοῖς,  
 αἰεὶ δ', αἰεὶ με φεύγει·  
 οὐ μιν διώκω· τίς γὰρ  
 μισοῦν θέλει τι θηρᾶν;  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἄφαρ λιασθεὶς  
 [τῷ δραπετᾷ τῷ χρυσῷ]  
 ἐμῶν φρενῶν μὲν αὖραις  
 φέρειν ἔδωκα λύπας,  
 λύρην δ' ἐλὼν αἰείδω  
 ἐρωτικὰς ἀοιδὰς.  
 πάλιν δ' ὅταν με θυμὸς  
 ὑπερφρονεῖν διδάξῃ,  
 ἄφνω προσεῖφ' ὁ δραπετάς,  
 φέρων μέθαν<sup>†</sup> μοι φροντίδων,

*Runaway Gold.*

WHEN with soft and viewless feet  
Like the wind, and no less fleet,  
Flies me, as he flies away,  
Gold, that arrant Runaway,  
I pursue not : who is fain  
To hunt home a hateful bane ?  
Free from Runaway Gold, my breast  
Is of sorrow dispossessed :  
I, to all the winds that blow,  
All my cares abroad may throw :  
I may take my lyre and raise  
Jocund songs in Cupid's praise.  
When my wary sprite disdains  
To be trapped by Runaway's trains,  
Suddenly he hies unto me  
And with trouble would undo me ;

ἔλών μιν ὥς μεθήμων  
 λύρης γένωμαι λάρου.†  
 ἄπιστ' ἄπιστε χρυσέ,  
 μάταν δόλοις με θέλγεις·  
 χρυσοῦ πλέον τὰ νεῦρα  
 πόθους κέκλυθι† ἄδει†.  
 σὺ γὰρ δόλων, σύ τοι φθόνων  
 ἔρωτ' ἔθηκας ἀνδράσιν·  
 λύρη δ' ἄλυπα† παστάδων  
 φιλαμάτων τε κεδνῶν  
 πόθων κύπελλα κερναῖ.

. . . . .

ὅταν θέλῃς δέ, φεύγεις·  
 λύρης δ' ἐμῆς αἰοιδᾶν  
 οὐκ ἂν λίποιμι τυτθόν.  
 † ξείνοισιν σέ δ' ἀγχιμουσῶν  
 † δολίοις ἀπίστοις ἀνδάνεις·  
 ἐμοὶ δὲ τῷ λυροκτύπῃ  
 μούσαις φρεσὶν ἀποίκους  
 ἀχανδέας ὀρίνεις  
 † αἶγλαν τε λαμπρύνεις.

Hoping that himself I'll take  
And my darling lyre forsake.  
Faithless Gold, thy labour's naught;  
By thy snares I'll not be caught.  
More delight than Gold doth bring  
I can gain from my lute-string.  
Thou men's hearts didst sow with guile,  
And with envy them defile;  
But the lyre. . . . .

THE following piece, No. 60, concludes the *Anacreontea* in the Palatine MS. Bergk makes a separate poem of ll. 24-36 (ἄγε θυμέ, πῇ μέμνηας κ.τ.λ., on page 158), which seem to have little connection with the preceding lines. The thing is of little merit, whether it be one poem or two; and may well be left untranslated.

#### ΕΙΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΑ.

Ἄνὰ βάρβιτον δονήσω·  
 αἶθλος μὲν οὐ πρόκειται,  
 μελέτη δ' ἔπεστι παντὶ  
 σοφίης λαχόντ' ἄωτον.  
 ἑλεφαντίνῳ δὲ πλήκτρῳ  
 λιγυρὸν μέλος κροαίνων  
 Φρυγίῳ ῥυθμῷ βοήσω,

ἄτε τις κύκνος Καῦστρου  
 ποικίλον πτεροῖσι μέλπων  
 ἀνέμου σύναυλος ἤχῃ·  
 σὺ δέ, Μοῦσα, συγχόρευε·  
 ἱερὸν γάρ ἐστι Φοίβου  
 κιθάρη δάφνη τρίπους τε.  
 λαλέω δ' ἔρωτα Φοίβου  
 ἀνεμώλιον τὸν οἶστρον·  
 σαόφρων γάρ ἐστι κούρα·  
 τὸ μὲν ἐκπέφυγε κέντρον,  
 φύσεως δ' ἄμειψε μορφήν,  
 φυτὸν εὐθαλὲς δ' ἐπήχθη·  
 ὁ δὲ Φοῖβος ἦε, Φοῖβος  
 κρατέειν κόρην νομίζων,  
 χλοερὸν δρέπων δὲ φύλλον  
 ἐδόκει τελεῖν Κυθήρην.

ἄγε θυμέ, πῇ μέμνησας  
 μανίην μανεῖς ἀρίστην;  
 τὸ βέλος, φέρε, κράτυνον,  
 σκοπὸν ὡς βαλὼν ἀπέλθης·  
 τὸ δὲ τόξον Ἀφροδίτης  
 ἄφες, ὧ θεοὺς ἐνίκα.  
 τὸν Ἀνακρέοντα μιμοῦ,  
 τὸν αἰοίδιμον μελιστήν.  
 φιάλην πρόπινε παισίν,  
 φιάλην λόγων ἐραννὴν.  
 ἀπὸ νέκταρος ποτοῖο  
 παραμύθιον λαβόντες,  
 φλογερὸν φυγόντες ἄστρον

· · · · ·



AMONG the *Anacreontea* Bergk includes the three following fragments:—

Φέρ' ὕδωρ, φέρ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,  
 μέθυσόν με καὶ κάρωσον·  
 τὸ ποτήριον λέγει μου,  
 ποδαπὸν με δεῖ γενέσθαι.

ORIGENES (HIPPOLYTUS) *adv. Haeret.* p. 107, ed.  
 Miller (60 Bergk).

Τί με φεύγεις τὸν γέροντα;

SCHOL. Cod. Gud. EURIP. *Hec.* 1141 (61 Bergk).

Δοκέει κλίειν γὰρ ἥδε,  
 λαλέειν τις εἰ θελήσει.

GREGOR. COR. p. 396 (62 Bergk).



# ANACREON.

## II.

GENUINE FRAGMENTS.



*The genuine fragments of Anacreon are here arranged as in the fourth edition (1882) of Bergk's Poetæ Lyrici Græci; and Bergk's text has been generally followed.*

## I.

## ΕΙΣ ΑΡΤΕΜΙΝ.

Γουνούμαί σ', ἐλαφηνβόλε,  
 ξανθὴ παῖ Διός, ἀγρίων  
 δέσποιν' Ἀρτεμι θηρῶν ·  
 ἥ κου νῦν ἐπὶ Ληθαίου  
 δίνῃσι θρασυκαρδίων  
 ἀνδρῶν ἐσκατορᾶς πόλιν  
 χαίρουσ' · οὐ γὰρ ἀνημέρους  
 ποιμαίνεις πολιήτας.

HEPHÆST. 125.

I.—l. 4, Others read ἴκου, and in l. 6, ἐγκαθόρα.

## II.

ΕΙΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΝ.

ὦναξ, ὦ δαμάλης Ἔρωσ  
 καὶ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες  
 πορφυρέη τ' Ἀφροδίτῃ  
 συμπαίζουσιν · ἐπιστρέφει δ'  
 ὑψηλῶν κορυφαῖς ὀρέων,  
 γουνούμαί σε · σὺ δ' εὐμενὴς  
 ἔλθ' ἡμῖν, κεχαρισμένης δ'  
 εὐχολῆς ἐπακούειν.

Κλευβούλῳ δ' ἀγαθὸς γενεῦ  
 σύμβουλος · τὸν ἐμὸν δ' ἔρωτ',  
 ὦ Δεύνυσε, δέχεσθαι.

DIO CHRYS. *Or.* ii. t. i. 35.

## III.

Κλευβούλου μὲν ἔγωγ' ἐρῶ,  
 Κλευβούλῳ δ' ἐπιμαίνομαι,  
 Κλεύβουλον δὲ διοσκέω.

HEROD. περὶ σχημ. 57, 5.

III.—l. 3, διοσκέω, Bergk. (MSS. διὸς κνέων, and δὲ διόσκνέω.)

## IV.

ὦ παῖ παρθένιον βλέπων,  
 δίξημαί σε, σὺ δ' οὐ κοεῖς,  
 οὐκ εἰδώς, ὅτι τῆς ἐμῆς  
 ψυχῆς ἡνιοχεύεις.

ATHEN. xiii. 564, D.

IV.—l. 2, κοεῖς, Bergk (MSS. αἵεις).

## V.

Ἄλλ' ὦ τρίς κεκορημένε  
Σμερδίη.

EUST. *Od.* 1542, 47.

## VI.

Μεῖς μὲν δὴ Ποσιδηϊῶν  
ἔστηκεν, νεφέλας δ' ὕδωρ  
βαρύνει, Δία τ' ἄγριοι  
χειμῶνες κατάγουσιν.

SCHOL. *Il.* xv. 192; EUST. *Il.* 1012. 1.

## VII.

Σὺ γὰρ ἧς ἔμοιγ'  
ἀστεμφής.

SCHOL. *Il.* iii. 219.

VI.—ll. 2, 3. So Bergk, comparing Hor. *Epod.* xiii. 2, "Nivesque deducunt Jovem." Schol. *Il.*, νεφέλη δ' ὕδωρ βαρὺ δ' ἄγριοι χειμῶνες κατάγουσιν. Eust., νεφέλαι δ' ὕδατι βαρύνονται, ἄγριοι δὲ χειμῶνες παταγοῦσιν.



## VIII.

Ἐγὼ δ' οὐτ' ἂν Ἀμαλθίης  
 βουλοίμην κέρας, οὐτ' ἔτεα  
 πεντήκοντά τε καὶ ἑκατὸν  
 Ταρτησσοῦ βασιλεῦσαι.

STRABO, iii. 151.

## IX.

. . . Τί μὴν πέτεαι  
 συρίγγων κοιλότερα  
 στήθεα χρισάμενος μύρω;

ATHEN. xv. 687 E.

## X.

ὁ δ' ὑψηλὰ νενωμένος.

Et. M. 601, 20.

## XI.

Πολλὰ δ' ἐρίβρομον  
Δεύυσον.

*Et. M.* 259, 28.

## XII. A.

Οὐτ' ἐμὴν ἀπαλὴν κάσιν.

*SCHOL. EUR. Hec.* 361.

## XII. B.

Λευκίππων ἐπὶ δίνεαι.

*Et. Flor. Miller, Misc.* 208.

## XIII. A.

Ἔρως παρθένιος πόθῳ  
στίλβων καὶ γεγανωμένος.

*PLUTARCH. Erot.* c. 4.

XIII. A.—The passage of Plutarch runs thus: Οὕτως ἔρως ὁ ἰγνήσιος ὁ παιδικὸς ἐστίν, οὐ πόθῳ στίλβων, ὥς ἔφη τὸν παρθένιον Ἀνακρέων, οὐδὲ μύρων ἀνάπλεως καὶ γεγανωμένος, ἀλλὰ λιτὸν αὐτὸν ὄψει καὶ ἄθρυπτον ἐν σχολαῖς φιλοσόφων. We may extract three verses from this passage by reading with Pomtow (*Poetæ Lyr. Graec. Min.* i. 301)—

Ἔρως παρθένιος πόθῳ  
στίλβων (αἰὲν) ἀνάπλεως  
μύρων καὶ γεγανωμένος.

## XIII. B.

Οὔτος δηΐτε Θαλυσίοις  
τίλλει τοὺς κυανασπίδας. [?]

*Et. Flor. Miller, Misc. 266.*

## XIV.

Σφαίρη δηΐτέ με πορφυρέη  
βάλλων χρυσοκόμης Ἔρωσ  
νήνι ποικιλοσαμβάλω  
          συμπαίξειν προκαλεῖται·  
  
ἥ δ', ἐστὶν γὰρ ἀπ' εὐκτίτου  
Λέσβου, τὴν μὲν ἐμὴν κόμην,  
λευκὴν γάρ, καταμέμφεται,  
          πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.

ATHEN. xiii. 599 C.

XIV.—ποικιλοσαμβάλω in l. 3, is Seidler's happy correction for ποικίλος λαμβάνω (or ποικίλους ἀμβάλω).

## XV.

Οὐδ' εὐπέμπελός εἰμι,  
οὐδ' ἀστοῖσι προσηγής.

CHRYSIPI. περὶ ἀποφατικῶν c. 22.

## XVI.

Μυθῖται (δ') ἀνὰ νῆσον,  
Μεγίστη, διέπουσιν  
ἱρὸν ἄστν (Νυμφέων.)

SCHOL. *Od.* xxi. 71.

## XVII.

Ἡρίστησα μὲν ἱτρίου  
λεπτόν μικρὸν ἀποκλάς,  
οἴνου δ' ἐξέπιον κάδον,  
νῦν δ' ἀβρῶς ἐρόεσσαν  
ψάλλω πηκτίδα τῇ φίλῃ  
κωμάζων παῖδ' ἀβρῇ.

HERHÆST. 59; ATHEN. xi. 472 E.

XV.—Bergk (who reads *Οὐ δηῦτ' ἔμπεδος*) suggested *Οὐδ' εὐπέμπελος* as a correction for *οὐ δεῦτε ἔμπεδος*.

## XVIII.

Ψάλλω δ' εἴκοσι (Λυδίην)  
 χορδῇσιν μαγάδην ἔχων,  
 ὦ Λεύκασπι, σὺ δ' ἡβᾶς.

ATHEN. xiv. 634 C.

## XIX.

Ἄρθεις δηῦτ' ἀπὸ Λευκάδος  
 πέτρης ἐς πολὺν κῦμα κολυμ-  
 βῶ μεθύων ἔρωτι.

HEPHÆST. 130.

## XX.

. . . τίς ἐρασμίνην  
 τρέψας θυμὸν ἐς ἥβην τερένων  
 ἡμιόπων ὑπ' αὐλῶν  
 ὀρχεῖται;

ATHEN. iv. 177 A.

## XXI.

## ΕΙΣ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΑ.

Ξανθῇ δέ γ' Εὐρυπύλῃ μέλει  
 ὁ περιφόρητος Ἀρτέμων.  
 πρὶν μὲν ἔχων βερβέριον,  
 καλύμματ' ἐσφηκωμένα,  
 καὶ ξυλίνους ἀστραγάλους  
 ἐν ὧσί, καὶ ψιλὸν περὶ  
 πλευρῇσι (δέρμ' ἦει) βοός,  
 νήπλυτον εἶλυμα κακῆς  
 ἀσπίδος, ἀρτοπώλισιν  
 καθελοπόρνοισιν ὁμι-  
 λέων ὁ πονηρὸς Ἀρτέμων,  
 κίβδηλον εὐρίσκων βίον·

πολλὰ μὲν ἐν δουρὶ δεθεῖς  
 αὐχένα, πολλὰ δ' ἐν τροχῷ,  
 πολλὰ δὲ νῶτον σκυτίνῃ  
 μάστιγι θωμιχθεῖς, κόμην  
 πώγωνά τ' ἐκτετιλμένος.

νῦν δ' ἐπιβαίνει σατινέων,  
 χρύσεια φορέων καθέρματα  
 πάϊς Κύκης, καὶ σκιαδί-  
 σκην ἐλεφαντίνην (ἄβραϊς)  
 φορεῖ γυναιξὶν αὐτως.

ATHEN. xii. 533 E.

## XXII.

Σίμαλον εἶδον ἐν χορῷ  
 πηκτίδ' ἔχοντα καλήν.

HEPHÆST. 101.

## XXIII.

Ἐκ ποταμοῦ ἵπανέρχομαι  
 πάντα φέρουσα λαμπρά.

HEPHÆST. 52.

## XXIV.

Ἀναπέτομαι δὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον πτερύγεσσι  
 κούφαις  
 διὰ τὸν Ἔρωτ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ παῖς ἐθέλει  
 συνηβᾶν.

HERMÆST. 52; SCHOL. AR. *Av.* 1372.

## XXV.

. . . . . (Ἔρωτος), ὥς μ' ἐσιδὼν γένειον  
 ὑποπόλιον χρυσοφαέννων πτερύγων ἀήταις  
 παραπέτεται.

LUCIAN. *Herc. Gall.* c. 8.

## XXVI.

Χεῖρά τ' ἐν ἡγάνῳ βαλεῖν.

ATHEN. vi. 229 B.

XXV.—Restored by Bergk from the following passage of Lucian: "Ὡστε ἰσχυρὸς μὲν καὶ τάχος καὶ κάλλος καὶ ὅσα σώματος ἀγαθὰ χαιρέτω, καὶ ὁ Ἔρως ὁ σὸς, ὃ Τῆϊε ποιητά, ἐσιδὼν με ὑποπόλιον γένειον χρυσοφαέννων εἰ βούλεται πτερύγων ἢ ἀετοῖς παραπετέσθω.



## XXVII.

Ἦλιε καλλιλαμπέτη.

PRISCIAN. vii. 7.

## XXVIII.

Ἀσπίδα ῥίψας ποταμοῦ καλλιρόου παρ'  
ὄχθας.

ATTIL. FORTUNAT. 359.

## XXIX.

. . . Ἐγὼ δ' ἀπ' αὐτῆς φύγον ὥστε  
κόκκυξ.

*Et. Gud.* 333, 22.

## XXX.

Τὸν μυροποιὸν ἡρόμην Στράττιν εἰ  
κομήσει.

HEPHÆST. 96.

XXIX.—*Ἀὐτῆς* is Schneidewin's correction of *αὐτῆς*. Bergk gives *αὐτῆς*. Nos. XXVIII. and XXIX. evidently belong to the same poem.

## XXXI.

Δακρυόεσσάν τ' ἐφίλησεν αἰχμάν.

HERMÆST. 52.

## XXXII.

Ὀινοχόει δ' ἀμφίπολος μελιχρὸν  
οἶνον, τρικόαθον κελέβην ἔχουσα.

ATHEN. xi. 475 F.

## XXXIII.

Οἶδ' ἀργυρέη κω τότ' ἔλαμπε Πειθώ.

SCHOL. PIND. *Isthm.* ii. 9.

## XXXIV.

Εἴμι λαβὼν ἐς Ἥρης.

ATTIL. FORTUNAT. 359.

XXXIII.—Ἐς Ἥρης, Bergk's doubtful emendation of  
εἰσάρας.

## XXXV.

Ἴπποθόρον δὲ Μυσοί  
εὐρεῖν, μῖξιν ὄνων πρὸς ἵππους.[?]

SCHOL. *Il.* xxiv. 278.

## XXXVI.

Αἰνοπαθῇ πατρίδ' ἐπόψομαι.

SCHOL. *Od.* xii. 313.

## XXXVII.

. . . Χήλινον ἄγγος . . .  
ἔχον πυθμένας ἀγρίων σελίνων.

POLLUX, vii. 172.

## XXXVIII.

Ἀσήμων ὑπὲρ ἐρμάτων φορεῖμαι.

HESYCH. v. "Ερμα.

## XXXIX.

Πλεκτὰς δ' ὑποθυμίδας  
περὶ στήθεσι λωτίνας ἔθεντο.

ATHEN. xv. 674 D.

## XL.

Σὲ γάρ φη  
Ταργήλιος ἐμμελέως  
δισκεῖν.

APOLLON. *de Synt.* 238.

## XLI.

Ὁ Μεγίστης δ' ὁ φιλόφρων δέκα δὴ  
μῆνες, ἐπεὶ τε  
στεφανοῦται τε λύγῳ καὶ τρίγα πίνει  
μελιηδέα.

ATHEN. xv. 671 E.

## XLII.

Καθαρῇ δ' ἐν κελέβῃ πέντε (τε) καὶ  
τρεῖς ἀναχέισθων.

ATHEN. x. 430 D.

## XLIII.

Πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἥδη  
 κρόταφοι κάρη τε λευκόν,  
 χαρίεσσα δ' οὐκέθ' ἥβη  
 πάρα, γηράλεοι δ' ὀδόντες.

γλυκεροῦ δ' οὐκέτι πολλὸς  
 βιότου χρόνος λέλειπται·  
 διὰ ταῦτ' ἀνασταλίζω  
 θαμὰ Τάρταρον δεδοικώς.

Ἄτδεω γάρ ἐστι δεινὸς  
 μυχρός, ἀργαλέη δ' ἐς αὐτὸν  
 κάθοδος· καὶ γὰρ ἐτοῖμον  
 καταβάντι μὴ ἀναβῆναι.

STOB. *Floril.* c. xviii. 13.

## XLIV.

Ἔραμαι (δέ) τοι συνηβᾶν·  
 χαριτεῦν ἔχεις γὰρ ἥθος.

MAX. TYR. xxiv. 9.

## XLV.

Ἐμὲ γὰρ (νέοι) λόγων εἵ-  
 νεκα παῖδες ἂν φιλοῖεν·  
 χαρίεντα μὲν γὰρ ᾄδω,  
 χαρίεντα δ' οἶδα λέξαι.

MAX. TYR. xxiv. 9.

## XLVI.

[Ἄ]στραγάλαι δ' Ἑρωτός εἰσιν  
 μανίαι τε καὶ κύδοιμοι.

SCHOL. II. xxiii. 8.

## XLVII.

ΠΡΟΣ ΣΜΕΡΔΙΗΝ.

Μεγάλῳ δηῦτέ μ' Ἑρῶς  
 ἔκοψεν ὥστε χαλκεὺς  
 πελέκει, χειμερίῃ  
 δ' ἔλουσεν ἐν χαράδρῃ.

HEPHÆST. 68.

## XLVIII.

Ἀπέκειρας δ' ἀπαλῆς  
κόμης ἄμωμον ἄνθος.

PHAVOR. *ap.* STOB. *Flor.* lvi. 6.

## XLIX.

Θρηκίην σίουτα χαίτην.

*Et. M.* 714, 38.

## L.

Ἀπό μοι θανεῖν γένοιτ'·  
οὐ γὰρ αὖ ἄλλη  
λύσις ἐκ πόνων γένοιτ'  
οὐδαμὰ τῶνδε.

HEPHÆST. 69.

## LI.

Ἀγανῶς οἶά τε νεβρόν [νεοθηλέα]  
γαλαθηνόν, ὅστ' ἐν ὕλης  
κεροέσσης ἀπολειφθεῖς  
ὑπὸ μητρὸς ἐπτοήθη.

ATHEN. ix. 396 D.

## LII.

Σινάμωροι πολεμίζουσι θυρωρῶ.

Et. M. 713, 26.

## LIII.

Σικελὸν κότταβον ἀγκίλη παΐζων.

ATHEN. x. 427 D.

## LIV.

Ἐπὶ δ' ὀφρύσιν σελίνων στεφανίσκους  
θέμενοι θάλειαν ὀρτὴν ἀγάγωμεν  
Διονύσῳ.

ATHEN. xv. 674 C.

## LV.

Διονύσου σαῦλαι Βασσαρίδες.

HEPHÆST. 69.



## LVI.

. . . οἷδ' αὖ μ' ἐάσεις  
μεθύοντ' οἴκαδ' ἀπελθεῖν;

SCHOL. AESCH. *Prom.* 128.

## LVII.

Φίλη γὰρ εἶ ξένοις, ἔα-  
σον δέ με διψῶντα πιεῖν.

ATHEN. x. 433 F.

## LVIII.

Ἀπὸ δ' ἐξείλετο θεσμὸν μέγαν.

APOLLON. SOPHIST. 87, 21.

## LIX.

Ἐκδῦσα χιτῶνα δωριάζειν.

SCHOL. EURIP. *Hec.* 934.

## LX.

. . . καί μ' ἐπίβωτον  
κατὰ γείτονας ποιήσεις.

AMMON. 42, *Valck.*

## LXI.

Παρά δηῦτε Πυθόμανδρον  
κατέδυν Ἑρωτα φεύγων.

HERPÆST. 70.

## LXII.

Φέρ' ὕδωρ, φέρ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,  
φέρε δ' ἀνθεμεῦντας ἡμῖν  
στεφάνους, ἔνεικον, ὥς δὴ  
πρὸς Ἑρωτα πυκταλίζω.

ATHEN. xi. 782 A.

## LXIII.

"Αγε δῆ, φέρ' ἡμῖν, ὦ παῖ,  
 κέλεβην, ὅκως ἄμυστιν  
 προπίω, τὰ μὲν δέκ' ἐγχέας  
 ὕδατος, τὰ πέντε δ' οἴνου  
 κυάθους, ὡς ἀνυβριστὶ  
 ἀναὶ δηῦτε βασσαρήσω.

\* \* \*

"Αγε δηῦτε μηκέθ' οὔτω  
 πατάγω τε κάλαλητῶ  
 Σκυθικὴν πόσιν παρ' οἴνω  
 μελετῶμεν, ἀλλὰ καλοῖς  
 ὑποπίνοντες ἐν ὕμνοις  
 (κλείσωμεν Διόνυσον).

ATHEN. x. 427 A.

LXIII.—The bracketed line at the end was added by Meineke.

## LXIV

Χθόνιον δ' ἑμαυτὸν ἤρεν.[?]

SCHOL. HESIOD. *Theog.* 767.

## LXV.

Τὸν Ἔρωτα γὰρ τὸν ἄβρὸν  
μέλομαι βρύοντα μίτραις  
πολυανθέμοις αἰίδειν·

ὅδε γὰρ θεῶν δυναστής,  
ὅδε καὶ βροτοὺς δαμάζει.

CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* vi. 745.

## LXVI.

Ἄλλὰ πρόπινε  
ῥαδινούς, ὦ φίλε, μηρούς.

SCHOL. PIND. *Ol.* vii. 5.

## LXVII.

Ἄδυμελές, χαρίεσσα χελιδοῖ.

HEPHÆST. 39.

LXV.—This poem ought, perhaps, to be placed among the  
*Anacreontea*.

## LXVIII.

Μνᾶται δὴ ὕτε φαλακρὸς Ἄλεξις.

HERHÆST. 39.

## LXIX.

Καλλίκομοι κοῦραι Διὸς ὠρχήσαντ'  
ἐλαφρῶς.

ATHEN. i. 21 A.

## LXX.

Ὅρσόλοπος μὲν Ἄρης φιλέει μεναίχμαν.

HERHÆST. 90.

## LXXI.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἡμετέρειον οὔτε καλόν.

Et. M. 429, 50.

## LXXII.

Νῦν δ' ἀπὸ μὲν στέφανος πόλεος ὄλωλεν.

SCHOL. PIND. *Ol.* viii. 42.

## LXXII. B.

Ἀστερίς, οὔτε σ' ἐγὼ φιλέω οὔτ'  
Ἀπελλέης.

SCHOL. HERMÆST. p. 163 (ed. 2 *Gaisf.*).

## LXXIII.

Βούλεται ἀπεροπός (τις) ἡμῖν εἶναι.

*Et. M.* 433, 44.

## LXXIV.

..... ἐγὼ δὲ μισέω  
πάντας, ὅσοι χθονίους† ἔχουσι ῥυθμούς  
καὶ χαλεπούς· μεμάθηκά σ', ὦ Μεγίστη,  
τῶν ἀβακιζομένων.

*Et. M.* 2, 45.

## LXXV.

Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δὴ με  
 λοξὸν ὄμμασιν βλέπουσα  
 νηλεῶς φεύγεις, δοκέεις δέ  
 μ' οὐδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν;

ἴσθι τοι, καλῶς μὲν ἄν τοι  
 τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοιμι,  
 ἡγίας δ' ἔχων στρέφοιμί  
 σ' ἀμφὶ τέρματα δρόμου.

νῦν δὲ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκειαι  
 κοῦφά τε σκιρτῶσα παίζεις·  
 δεξιὸν γὰρ ἵπποσείρην  
 οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβάτην.

## LXXVI.

Κλῦθί μεν γέροντος εὐέ-  
 θειρα χρυσόπεπλε κούρα.

HERHÆST. 36.

## LXXVII.

Εὖτέ μοι λευκαὶ μελαίναις  
 ἀναμεμίζονται τρίχες.

JULIAN. *Misopog.* 366 B.

## LXXVIII.

(Ἐν) μελαμφύλλῳ δάφνῃ χλω-  
 ρᾷ τ' ἐλαίᾳ τανταλίζει.

SCHOL. SOPH. *Antig.* 138.

## LXXIX.

Κοίμισον δ', ὦ Ζεῦ, σόλοικον φθόγγον.

HEROD. *de Barbar.* 193 *post* AMMON., Valck.



## LXXX.

Διὰ δέρην ἔκοψε μέσσην, καδ δὲ λῶπος  
ἐσχίσθη.

SCHOL. II. xvii. 542.

## LXXXI.

Αἱ δέ μευ φρένες  
ἐκκεκωφέαται.

*Cram. An. Ox.* i. 288, 3.

## LXXXII.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων σκύπφον Ἐρξίῳι  
τῷ λευκολόφῳ μεστὸν ἐξέπινον.

ATHEN. xi. 498 C.

LXXXII.—Bergk changes λευκολόφῳ to Λευκολόφου.

## LXXXIII.

Στεφάνους δ' ἀνὴρ τρεῖς ἕκαστος εἶχεν,  
τοῖς μὲν ῥοδίνοισι, τὸν δὲ Ναυκρατίτην.

ATHEN. xv. 671 E.

## LXXXIV.

Ἔστε ξένοισι μιλίχοις ἐοικότες,  
στέγης (τε) μοῦνον καὶ πυρὸς κεχρημένοις.

PLUT. *adv. Stoic.* c. 20; HERMÆST. 29.

## LXXXV.

Πάλαι ποτ' ᾔσαν ἄλκιμοι Μιλήσιοι.

ZENOB. v. 80.

## LXXXVI.

Καὶ θάλαμος, ἐν τῷ κείνος οὐκ ἔγημεν,  
ἀλλ' ἐγήματο.

AMMON. p. 37, *Valck.*

## LXXXVII.

Κνίζη τις ἤδη καὶ πέπειρα γίνεμαι  
σὴν διὰ μαργοσύνην.

*Et. M.* 523, 4.

## LXXXVIII.

Κοῦ μοκλὸν ἐν θύρῃσι διξῆσιν βαλὼν  
ἥσυχος καθεύδει.

*ZONAR.* 1512.

## LXXXIX.

Ἐρῶ τε δηῦτε κοῦκ ἐρῶ  
καὶ μαίνομαι κοῦ μαίνομαι.

*HERHÆST.* 29.

## XC.

Μηδ' ὥστε κῦμα πόντιον  
 λάλαζε, τῇ πολυκρότῃ  
 σὺν Γαστροδώρῃ καταχύδην  
 πίνουσα τὴν ἐπίστιον.

ATHEN. x. 446 F.

## XCI.

Διὰ δηῖτε Καρικευργέος  
 ὀχάνοιο χεῖρα τιθέμεναι.

STRABO. xiv. 661.

## XCII.

Ὁ μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι,  
 πάρεστι γάρ, μαχέσθω.

HEPHÆST. 30.

XCII.—“Usus est his auctor carm. Pseudo-anacr. 45, v. 8 et 9.” *Bergk*. (See p. 96 of the present edition.) It is doubtful whether the fragment is genuine.

## XCIII.

ὦ ραννὲ δὴ λίην,  
πολλοῖσι γὰρ μέλεις.

PRISC. *de Metr. Terent.* 249, Lind.

## XCIV.

## ΕΛΕΓΕΙΑ.

Οὐ φιλέω, ὅς κρητῆρι παρὰ πλέω  
οἰνοποτάζων  
νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρύνοντα λέγει,  
ἀλλ' ὅστις Μουσέων τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ'  
Ἀφροδίτης  
συμμίσγων ἑρατῆς μνήσκεται εὐφρο-  
σύνης.

ATHEN. xi. 463 A.

XCIII.—Bergk's somewhat violent emendation of ὁρᾶν  
ἀεὶ μὴν πολλοῖσι κ. τ. λ.

## XCV.

Οὐδέ τί τοι πρὸς θυμόν, ὅμως γε μένω  
σ' ἀδοιάστως.

HERHÆST. 11.

## XCVI.

Οὐκέτι Θρηϊκίης (πώλου) ἐπιστρέφομαι.

LONGIN. *de Sublim.* c. 31.

## XCVII.

Οἶνοπότης δὲ πεποίημαι.

ATHEN. xi. 460 D.

## XCVIII.

Δεῖ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχειν.

MACEDONIUS, *Anth. Pal.* x. 70.

XCVIII.—The epigram of Macedonius (who lived in the reign of Justinian) concludes :—

Τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρείοντος ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσι φυλάσσω  
Παρφασίην, ὅτι Δεῖ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχειν.

## XCIX.

Ἄγχοῦ δ' Αἰγείδew Θησέος ἐστὶ λύρη.

HYGIN. *Astron.* ii., 6.

## C.

## ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ.\*

Ἀβδήρων προθανόντα τὸν αἰνοβίην

Ἀγάθωνα

πᾶς' ἐπὶ πυρκαϊῆς ἥδ' ἐβόησε πόλις·

οὔτινα γὰρ τοιόνδε νέων ὁ φιλαίματος

Ἄρης

ἠνάρισεν στυγερῆς ἐν στροφάλιγγι

μάχης.

\* "Horum carminum satis incerta auctoritas; nam si segregaveris aperte novicia, velut 115, 116, et de quibus anceps est iudicium, velut 113, etiam ea quæ antiquitatis speciem præ se ferunt, pleraque a mystagogis incertam conjecturam facientibus Anacreonti adscripta sunt, vide ad 104. Itaque vel ubi temporis rationes non adversantur, anceps iudicium. Leguntur pleraque continuo ordine in Anth. Pal. vi. 134-145, haud dubie ex Anacreontis carminum editionibus in eclogas epigrammatum translata, sed segreganda

## CI.

Καρτερὸς ἦν πολέμοις Τιμόκριτος, οὗ  
τόδε σᾶμα·

Ἄρης δ' οὐκ ἀγαθῶν φεῖδεται, ἀλλὰ  
κακῶν.

## CII.

Οὔτος Φειδόλα ἵππος ἀπ' εὐρυχόροιο  
Κορίνθου

ἄγκειται Κρονίδα, μνᾶμα ποδῶν ἀρετᾶς.

sunt duo novissima ; nam 144 neque Anacreontis esse potest, cum ea ætate Academia fuerit locus incultus, ut jam a 1834 monui, et iteratur infra post vi. 213 inter Simonidis epigrammata, ultimum autem 145 ab Anacreonte pariter atque ab Simonide alienum. Turbatum hunc locum in archetypo fuisse indicat lacuna post 143 in codice et nota in marg. adscripta οὐ λείπει ὡς οἶμαι οὐδὲ ἐνταῦθα. Igitur post 143 inserta erant Simonidis epigrammata, e quibus unum germanum (144) superest cui adhæret alienum (145). Exciderunt præter Simonidis carmina fortasse unum vel alterum Anacreontis."—*Bergk*.



## CIII.

Σάν τε χάριν, Δίονυσε, καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἄστει  
κόσμον  
Θεσσαλίας μ' ἀνέθηκ' ἀρχὸς Ἐχεκρα-  
τίδας.

## CIV.

Πρὶν μὲν Καλλιτέλης μ' ἰδρύσατο·  
τόνδε δ' ἐκείνου  
ἔκγονοι ἕστασαν, τοῖς χάριν ἀντιδίδου.

## CV.

Πραξαγόρας τάδε δῶρα θεοῖς ἀνέθηκε,  
Λυκαίου  
υἱός· ἐποίησεν δ' ἔργον Ἀναξαγόρας.

## CVI.

Παιδὶ φιλοστεφάνῳ Σεμέλας ἀνέθηκε  
 Μέλανθος,  
 μνᾶμα χοροῦ νίκας υἱὸς Ἀρηϊφίλου.

## CVII.

Ῥυσαμένα Πύθωνα δυσαχέος ἐκ πολέμοιο  
 ἄσπις Ἀθηναίης ἐν τεμένει κρέμαται.

## CVIII.

Ἡ τὸν θύρσόν ἔχουσ' Ἑλικωνιάς, ἥ τε  
 παρ' αὐτὴν  
 Ξανθίππη, Γλαύκη τ' ἐνσχερὸν  
 ἐρχομένη,  
 ἐξ ὄρεος χωρεῦσι, Διωνύσῳ δὲ φέρουσιν  
 κισσὸν καὶ σταφυλὴν πύονα καὶ χίμαρον.

## CIX.

Πρηξιδίκη μὲν ἔρεξεν, ἐβούλευσεν δὲ  
 Δύσηρις  
 εἶμα τόδε· ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέρων σοφίη.

## CX.

Πρόφρων, Ἀργυρότοξε, δίδου χάριν  
 Αἰσχύλου υἱῷ  
 Ναυκράτει, εὐχολὰς τάσδ' ὑποδεξάμενος.

## CXI.

Εὐχεο Τιμώνακτι θεῶν κήρυκα γενέσθαι  
 ἥπιον, ὅς μ' ἐρατοῖς ἀγλαΐην προθύροις  
 Ἑρμῇ τε κρείοντι καθέσσατο· τὸν δ'  
 ἐθέλοντα  
 ἀστῶν καὶ ξείνων γυμνασίῳ δέχομαι.

## CXII.

Τέλλιδι ἱμερόεντα βίον πόρε, Μαιάδος  
 υἱέ,  
 ἀντ' ἐρατῶν δῶρων τῶνδε χάριν  
 θέμενος·  
 θὸς δέ μιν εὐθυδίκων Εὐωνυμέων ἐνι  
 δήμῳ  
 ναίειν αἰῶνος μοῖραν ἔχοντ' ἀγαθήν.

## CXIII.

Καὶ σέ, Κλεηνορίδῃ, πόθος ὤλεσε  
 πατρίδος αἵης  
 θαρσήσαντα Νότου λαίλαπι χειμερίῃ·  
 ὥρῃ γάρ σε πέδησεν ἀνέγγυος· ὑγρὰ δὲ  
 τὴν σὴν  
 κύματ' ἀφ' ἱμερτὴν ἔκλυσεν ἡλικίην.

## CXIV.

Ἀλκίμων σ', ὤριστοκλείδῃ, πρῶτον  
οἰκτείρω φίλων,  
ὤλεσας δ' ἥβην, ἀμύνων πατρίδος  
δουληΐην.

## CXV.

Βουκόλε τάν ἀγέλαν πόρρω νέμε, μὴ τὸ  
Μύρωνος  
βοίδιον ὥς ἔμπνουν βουσι συνεξελάσης.

## CXVI.

Βοίδιον οὐ χοάνοις τετυπωμένον, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ  
γῆρως  
χαλκωθέν, σφετέρῃ ψεύσατο χειρὶ  
Μύρων.



## NOTES.





## NOTES.

Pp. 2-9.—The first three Odes have been choicely rendered by “A. W.,” an unknown contributor to Davison’s *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602 :—

## I.

Of Atreus’ sons fain would I write ;  
 And fain of Cadmus would I sing ;  
 My lute is set on Love’s delight,  
 And only Love sounds every string.

Of late my lute I altered quite,  
 Both frets and strings for tunes above ;  
 I sung of fierce Alcides’ might ;  
 My lute would sound no tune but Love.  
     Wherefore, ye worthies all, farewell ;  
     No tune but Love my lute can tell.

## II.

*A comparison betwixt the strength of beasts, the wisdom of man, and the beauty of a woman's face.*

The bull by nature hath his horns,  
 The horse his hoofs, to daunt their foes ;  
 The light-foot hare the hunter scorns ;  
 The lion's teeth his strength disclose.

The fish, by swimming, 'scapes the weel ;  
 The bird, by flight, the fowler's net ;  
 With wisdom man is armed as steel ;  
 Poor women none of these can get.

What have they then ?—fair Beauty's grace,  
 A two-edged sword, a trusty shield ;  
 No force resists a lovely face,  
 Both fire and sword to Beauty yield.

## III.

Of late, what time the bear turned round  
 At midnight in her wonted way,  
 And men of all sorts slept full sound,  
 O'ercome with labour of the day :

The God of Love came to my door,  
 And took the ring, and knocked it hard :  
 "Who's there," quoth I, "that knocks so sore ?  
 You break my sleep, my dreams are marred."

"A little boy, forsooth," quoth he,  
 "Dung-wet with rain this moonless night."  
 With that methought it pitied me :  
 I oped the door, and candle light.

And straight a little boy I spied ;  
 A winged boy with shafts and bow ;  
 I took him to the fireside,  
 And set him down to warm him so.

His little hands in mine I strain,  
 To rub and warm them therewithal ;  
 Out of his locks I crush the rain,  
 From which the drops apace down fall.

At last, when he was waxen warm,  
 "Now let me try my bow," quoth he ;  
 "I fear my string hath caught some harm,  
 And wet, will prove too slack for me."

He said ; and bent his bow, and shot ;  
 And wightly hit me on the heart :  
 The wound was sore ; and raging hot,  
 The heat like fury reeks my smart.

"Mine host," quoth he, "my string is well,"  
 And laughed so that he leaped again :  
 "Look to your wound for fear it swell,  
 Your heart may hap to feel the pain."

The third Ode has been frequently translated into English. Robert Greene's rendering in *Orpharion* (1589) is the earliest, and very good it is:—

Cupid abroad was lated in the night ;  
 His wings were wet with ranging in the rain :  
 Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,  
 To dry his plumes : I heard the boy complain ;  
     I oped the door, and granted his desire ;  
     I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fire's flame,  
 I spied his quiver hanging at his back :  
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,  
 I would have gone for fear of further wrack ;  
     But what I fear'd, did me, poor wretch, betide,  
     For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start ;  
 A pleasing wound, but that it was too high :  
 His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared smart ;  
 Away he flew, for now his wings were dry ;  
     But left the arrow sticking in my breast,  
     That sore I grieve I welcomed such a guest.

Herrick's version in *Hesperides* is headed "The Cheat of Cupid; or the Ungentle Guest" (*Herrick*, ed. Pollard, i. 30); Prior's is entitled "Cupid turned Stroller." Cowley turned the first two Odes, but not the third. Ronsard, Baif, Olivier de Magny, and La Fontaine imitated the third.

P. 10.—Cowley's paraphrastic rendering of the fourth Ode is delightful:—

Underneath this myrtle shade,  
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid,  
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing  
 And around it roses growing,  
 What should I do but drink away  
 The heat and troubles of the day?  
 In this more than kingly state,  
 Love himself shall on me wait.  
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;  
 And mingled cast into the cup  
 Wit and Mirth and noble Fires,  
 Vigorous Health and gay Desires.  
 The wheel of life no less will stay  
 In a smooth than rugged way:  
 Since it equally does flee,  
 Let the motion pleasant be.  
 Why do we precious ointments shower,  
 Nobler wines why do we pour,  
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread  
 Upon the monuments of the dead?  
 Nothing they but dust can show  
 Or bones that hasten to be so.  
 Crown me with roses while I live;  
 Now your wines and ointments give;  
 After death I nothing crave,  
 Let me alive my pleasures have:  
 All are Stoics in the grave.

It is better than Ronsard's translation ("Pour boire dessus l'herbe tendre"), or Leconte de Lisle's ("Sur le myrte frais et l'herbe des bois").

P. 12.—Ode v. was imitated by Ronsard,—

“Versons ces roses en ce vin,  
En ce bon vin versons ces roses,” &c.

P. 20.—Cf. Ronsard, “D’où viens tu, douce,  
colombelle?”

P. 28.—In Thomas Forde’s *Love’s Labyrinth*, 1660, there is a neat translation of the eleventh Ode. (It will be found in my anthology *Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists*, ed. 1891, p. 228.) Cowley also rendered it.

P. 30.—Ode xii. Cf. Ronsard, “Tay-toy, babillarde  
arondelle.”

P. 32.—Ode xiii. There is an early French translation by Antoine de Baif (*Quatre Livres de l’Amour*, 1555).

P. 34.—Ode xiv. doubtless suggested to Herrick the verses :—

Am I despised because you say,  
And I dare swear, that I am grey? &c.  
(*Herrick*, ed. Pollard, i. 75-6.)

Cowley's version runs thus :—

# AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,  
 "Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old,  
 Look how thy hairs are falling all ;  
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall !"  
 Whether I grow old or no,  
 By the effects I do not know :  
 This I know, without being told,  
 'Tis time to live if I grow old ;  
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
 Of little life the best to make,  
 And manage wisely the last stake.

Ronsard enlarged on the theme in the verses beginning "Quand je veux en amour prendre mes passe-temps." Baif has a translation.

P. 36.—Cowley has a very free, and very attractive, rendering of Ode xv. :—

Fill the bowl with rosy wine !  
 Around our temples roses twine ! &c.

The original is imitated from Archilochus, fr. 24 :—

Οὐ μοι τὰ Γύγω τοῦ πολυχρύσου μέλει,  
 οὐδ' εἰλέ πώ με ζῆλος, οὐδ' ἀγαίομαι  
 Θεῶν ἔργα, μεγάλης δ' οὐκ ἐρῶ τυραννίδος.

Ronsard's poem—

Du grand Turc je n'ay soucy  
 Ny du grand Tartare aussi, &c.—

was drawn partly from the present Ode and partly from the Ode on p. 42.



P. 40.—Ode xvii. was imitated in Ronsard's poem beginning "Plusieurs de leurs corps desnuez," which has been deftly turned by my good friend W. J. Linton (*Poems and Translations*, 1889, p. 130). The song in Tennyson's *Miller's Daughter* ("It is the miller's daughter," &c.) may have been remotely inspired by the present ode. In Dr. Barten Holyday's *Technogamia*, 1618, (a Shrove-tide play acted at Christ Church) there is the following translation :—

#### TO HIS LOVE.

Niobe, as they say, once stood,  
 Turned to a stone, by Phrygian flood ;  
 Pandion's daughter (so fame sings),  
 Changed to a swallow, had swift wings :  
 But I a looking-glass would be,  
 Still to be looked upon by thee ;  
 Or I, my Love, would be thy gown,  
 By thee to be worn up and down ;  
 Or a pure well full to the brims  
 That I might wash thy purer limbs ;  
 Or I'd be precious balm to 'noint  
 With choicest care each choicest joint ;  
 Or, if I might, I would be fain  
 About thy neck thy happy chain ;  
 Or would it were my blessed hap  
 To be the lawn o'er thy fair pap ;  
 Or would I were thy shoe, to be  
 Daily but trod upon by thee.



Another (less happy) translation is by Soame Jenyns. There is a good rendering in Leconte de Lisle's *Poèmes Antiques*. Voltaire has a playful epigram on the famous Ode :—

Anacrèon, de qui le style  
Est souvent assez familier,  
Dit dans un certain Vaudeville,  
Soit à Daphné, soit à Bathylle,  
Qu'il voudrait être son *soulier*.  
Je révère la Grèce antique,  
Mais ce sentiment poétique  
Paraît celui d'un cordonnier.

P. 42.—Ode xviii. was imitated by Rochester, in *The Cup*:—

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup  
As Nestor used of old ;  
Show all thy skill to trim it up,  
Damask it round with gold, &c.

P. 48.—Ronsard rendered Ode xx. ("La terre les eaux va boivant"). Barten Holyday in *Technogamia*, 1618, gives the following version :—

The fruitful earth does drink the rain ;  
Trees drink the fruitful earth again.  
The sea does drink the liquid air ;  
By the sun's beams the sea-waves are  
Drunk up, which is no sooner done  
But straight the moon drinks up the sun.  
Why then, companions, do you think  
I may not with like freedom drink ?

Cowley's paraphrase must be added :—

### DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain  
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again ;  
 The plants suck in the earth and are  
 With constant drinking fresh and fair ;  
 The sea itself, which one would think  
 Should have but little need of drink,  
 Drinks ten thousand rivers up,  
 So filled that they o'erflow the cup ;  
 The busy sun (and one would guess  
 By's drunken fiery face no less)  
 Drinks up the sea, and when 'has done  
 The moon and stars drink up the sun :  
 They drink and dance by their own light,  
 They drink and revel all the night.  
 Nothing in nature's sober found,  
 But an eternal health goes round.  
 Fill up the bowl then, fill it high !  
 Fill all the glasses there ! for why  
 Should every creature drink but I ?  
 Why, man of morals ? tell me, why ?

Shelley's *Love's Philosophy* bears a distant resemblance to the present Ode.

P. 54.—Ode xxiii. was translated by Ronsard (" Ha ! si l'or pouvoit allonger," &c.).

P. 76.—Ode xxx. inspired Ronsard's pleasant ode beginning—

Les Muses lièrent un jour  
De chaînes de roses l'Amour,  
Et, pour le garder, le donnèrent  
Aux Grâces et à la Beauté,  
Qui, voyant sa déloyauté,  
Sur Parnasse l'emprisonnèrent.

P. 78.—Ode xxxi. Cf. Moschus' Second Idyll;  
also Tennyson's *Palace of Art*:—

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd  
From off her shoulder backward borne :  
From one hand droop'd a crocus : one hand grasp'd  
The mild bull's golden horn.

P. 80.—Ode xxxii. Cf. Ronsard,

Si tu me peux conter les fleurs  
Du printemps, &c.

P. 84.—Ode xxxiii. was imitated by Herrick :—

UPON HIS GREY HAIRS.

Fly me not though I be grey ;  
 Lady, this I know you'll say :  
 Better look the roses red  
 When with white commingled.  
 Black your hairs are, mine are white ;  
 This begets the more delight,  
 When things meet most opposite ;  
 As in pictures we descry  
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

In *Examen Miscellaneum*, 1702, I find the following version :—

Madam, tho' my hairs are grey,  
 Sure you need not run away :  
 You are blooming, fresh and fair  
 As the budding roses are.  
 Join the lily and the rose,  
 Nothing more becoming shows :  
 In the garlands that we wear  
 'Tis the sweetest mixture there.  
 Try, then, what in me and you  
 Two such colours now can do.

Cf. Ronsard, "Pourtant si j'ay le chef plus blanc."

P. 88.—Ronsard, Baif, and Cowley rendered the Ode to the Swallow.

P. 98.—Cf. Herrick:—

Brisk, methinks, I am and fine  
 When I drink my cap'ring wine :  
 Then to love I do incline  
 When I drink my wanton wine, &c.

P. 102.—Ode xl., Cupid stung by the Bee, has been frequently imitated. Probably it is itself founded upon some earlier poem. The spurious Nineteenth Idyll of Theocritus deals with this favourite conceit, which we frequently find represented on gems. (The reproduction on the cover of the present volume is from a gem, doubtless modern, that was once in the Poniatowski collection.) Spenser has a copy of verses appended to the *Amoretti*:—

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumb'ring  
 All in his mother's lap,  
 A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,  
 About him flew by hap, &c.

In Thomas Bateson's *Second Book of Madrigals*, 1618, the little ode is charmingly turned:—

Cupid in a bed of roses  
 Sleeping, chanced to be stung  
 Of a bee that lay among  
 The flowers where he himself reposes ;  
 And thus to his mother weeping  
 Told that he this wound did take  
 Of a little winged snake,

As he lay securely sleeping.  
 Cytherea smiling said  
     That If so great sorrow spring  
     From a silly bee's weak sting  
 As should make thee thus dismay'd,  
 What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,  
 Whom thy empoison'd arrows cause complain ?

Herrick's version, *The Wounded Cupid* ("Cupid as he lay among Roses, by a bee was stung," &c.) is well known. The rendering by Mathurin Regnier may be added :—

#### L'AMOUR PIQUÉ PAR UNE ABEILLE.

Le tendre Amour cueillant un jour des fleurs,  
 Fut, par hasard, piqué par une abeille  
 Cachée au fond d'une rose vermeille ;  
 Au même instant il s'en va tout en pleurs  
 Dire à Vénus : Ma mère, je me meurs ;  
 Je suis piqué d'une vipère ailée,  
 Qui dans ces lieux abeille est appelée :  
 Je n'en puis plus, je me meurs, je me meurs.  
 Si d'une abeille, ô mon fils, la piquûre,  
 Répond Vénus, vous fait tant de douleur,  
 Quelle douleur croyez-vous donc qu'endure  
 Un malheureux dont vous percez le cœur ?

Other renderings are by Ronsard, Baif, Olivier de Magny, and Leconte de Lisle (*Poèmes Antiques*).



P. 110.—Cowley's leisurely expansion of Ode xliii. must not be omitted, though many readers will have it by heart :—

### THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect, what can be  
 In happiness compared to thee ?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy morning's gentle wine.  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant cup does fill :  
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,  
 Nature self's thy Ganymed.  
 Thou dost drink and dance and sing,  
 Happier than the happiest king ;  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants belong to thee ;  
 All that summer hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice.  
 Man for thee does sow and plow,  
 Farmer he and landlord thou.  
 Thou dost innocently joy,  
 Nor does thy luxury destroy :  
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
 More harmonious than he.  
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripened year !  
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;  
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.

To thee of all kings upon earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
 Happy insect, happy thou  
 Dost neither age nor winter know.  
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung  
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among  
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,  
 Epicurean animal !)  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Leconte de Lisle's rendering (*Poèmes Antiques*) is  
 very happy :—

O Cigale, née avec les beaux jours,  
 Sur les verts rameaux dès l'aube posée,  
 Contente de boire un peu de rosée,  
 Et telle qu'un roi, tu chantes toujours !  
 Innocente à tous, paisible et sans ruses,  
 Le gai laboureur, du chêne abrité,  
 T'écoute de loin annoncer l'été ;  
 Apollôn t'honore autant que les Muses,  
 Et Zeus t'a donné l'Immortalité !  
 Salut, sage enfant de la Terre antique,  
 Dont le chant invite à clore les yeux,  
 Et qui, sous l'ardeur du soleil Attique,  
 N'ayant chair ni sang, vis semblable aux Dieux !



Even happier is Goethe's :—

AN DIE CICADE.

Selig bist du, liebe kleine,  
 Die du auf der Bäume Zweigen,  
 Von geringem Trank begeistert,  
 Singend, wie ein König lebest !  
 Dir geböret eigen Alles,  
 Was du auf den Feldern siehest,  
 Alles, was die Stunden bringen ;  
 Lebest unter Ackersleuten,  
 Ihre Freundin, unbeschädigt  
 Du den Sterblichen Verehrte  
 Süszen Frühlings süszer Bote !  
 Ja, dich lieben alle Musen,  
 Phöbus selber musz dich lieben  
 Gaben dir die Silberstimme,  
 Dich ergreifet nie das Alter,  
 Weise, zarte, Dichterfreundin,  
 Ohne Fleisch und Blut Geborne,  
 Leidenlose Erdentochter,  
 Fast den Göttern zu vergleichen.

P. 144.—Imitated by Herrick in *The Vision* :—

Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,  
 A crawling vine about Anacreon's head.  
 Flushed was his face, his hairs with oil did shine,  
 And, as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with wine, &c.

P. 189.—I have not found a good English version of the charming poem Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δὴ με (which Horace imitated in “Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe”), but Ronsard’s rendering may be given :—

Pourquoi comme une jeune poutre  
De travers guignes-tu vers moy ?  
Pourquoi, farouche, fuis-tu outre  
Quand je veux approcher de toy ?

Tu ne veux souffrir qu’on te touche ;  
Mais si je t’avois sous ma main,  
Asseure toi que dans ta bouche  
Bientost je t’aurois mis le frein.

Puis, te voltant à toute bride,  
Soudain je t’aurois fait au cours,  
Et, te piquant, serois ton guide  
Dans la carrière des amours.

Mais par l’herbe tu ne fais ores  
Que suivre des prez la fraîcheur,  
Pource que tu n’as point encores  
Trouvé quelque bon chevauteur.

Leconte de Lisle has a translation in *Poèmes Antiques*.









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Anacreon

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Anacreon: with Thomas Stanley's translation, edited by A.H. Bullen.

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